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WHY TEACHERS CAN'T TEACH

MAYORS AGAINST GAMBLERS

DANGER: **ATOMIC REACTOR!**

RALPH BUNCHE

**WHO and WHAT
IS HE?**

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From Shostal

The American Way



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Mayors Against Gamblers

by

ROBERT E. COULSON

Mayor of Waukegan, Illinois

WE WERE looking at an old Western movie on television when suddenly one of the children said: "I bet I know who's the secret boss of the bad guys."

"Who?"

"The Mayor."

"Why?"

"Because when there is a politician in the first part of the movie, he always turns out to be boss of the bad guys."

"But it could be the miner, the carpenter, the Mexican, the school-teacher, the funny cowboy or even the guitar player."

"No, you watch. It's the Mayor."

Of course, it *was* the Mayor. The politician is always the handy villain. He has no union to threaten boycotts, no embassy to register protests. He belongs to no group, so he becomes fair game for every lazy writer, offhand debater or tavern critic.

Especially where vice and gambling are concerned, there is a growing tendency to expect the politician to push us into heaven, and to call him a crook if we resist. Here are eight common samples of debate. Will you check those that you be-

lieve are true, and then give the politician a chance to answer?

1. "In any town, you can tell whether the politicians are honest by measuring the amount of gambling. Honest politicians have clean towns. The presence of gambling and vice means that the politicians are crooks."

2. "It takes a lot of courage to fight the gamblers. The politicians have to go along with the boys. They are afraid not to."

3. "They ought to legalize gambling if they can't stop it. Let's have a referendum."

4. "There is nothing wrong with private betting among friends. Public gambling ought to be stopped. That's where the payoff is."

5. "Nobody objects to local or club gambling. They ought to prosecute the syndicates and the outsiders, but not the local people."

6. "The tavern is the poor man's club. Gambling law-enforcement always stops the poor people and lets the rich people gamble without interference. The laws should be enforced equally against rich and poor."

7. "Gambling laws are an illegal invasion of privacy. If people want to bet, they should be allowed to do so. It's a free country, isn't it?"

8. "The politicians should stop all gambling where it is forbidden, and stick to the letter of the law. Only the state legislatures should make the exceptions."

9. "Let's just go after the profes-

sional gamblers. The purpose is not to stop all gambling, but to stop public corruption. Leave the incidental amateur gambler alone. He won't bribe anyone."

I SUGGEST that all nine statements are false. Let's look at them one by one.

1. Honest politicians do not always have clean towns, and a thieving politician can prosper without handbooks or slot machines. I know one mayor who has been trying for two years to get some vice into his bailiwick so that he can be corrupted. The gamblers keep telling him that his community won't stand for it. They are happier in a nearby community. They do not bribe the mayor in that community either; they just replace any politician who does not want an open town.

The amount of gambling is a measure of the community, not of the politician. No politician can stay too far ahead of the people or too far behind the people. If he does, he soon ceases to be a politician. Most gambling decisions made by politicians are made independently of any bribe offers. An honest reformer trapped in a wide-open town can push gently toward law enforcement; a thieving mayor in a clean town can push gently toward vice. But in both cases it is the people who set the limits, by their vote and their patronage.

2. There is a popular belief that reformers risk their lives, and that

gamblers will try to shoot at honest politicians. The truth is just the opposite. An honest politician is as safe among gamblers as Carrie Nation was among saloonkeepers.

Reform is easy to dramatize. The fictional crusader is usually heroic, standing firm against the forces of evil while ingenious hoodlums plot his destruction. Actually the racketeers have a genuine respect for an honest public official who states a reform position frankly, who shows no partiality or headline-hunger in his enforcement, and who keeps his word. Such politicians are not afraid to answer the doorbell after dark.

The politicians who shiver at nightfall are not the honest ones but the ones who try to compromise. And even here, gamblers show more leniency than is credited to them in the movies. A politician can vacillate for months, blowing hot and cold, trying to please both sides, taking money from the boys and then telling them to wait a while, franchising territories and then changing the boundaries — all without putting himself in any great danger.

For the hoodlums are anxious for respectability. They will patiently endure a tremendous amount of political double-talk before they regretfully pick up their guns. The politician who is in danger from gamblers is the fellow who tries to play both ends against the middle.

3. You may believe that a referendum to legalize gambling in your community would succeed.

Voting records throughout the United States in the last ten years contradict you. Dozens of local-option and statewide elections have demonstrated this. A majority of the people want gambling to be illegal; and a majority of the people want to gamble. This is the dilemma which faces the law-enforcement officer. Who can blame the politician if he seems to scurry back and forth?

4. Every attempt to separate public gambling from private gambling results in corruption of government, for someone must decide which is which. Let's take a simple poker game, with five players in a hotel room. Is it private or public? Does it matter if the same player deals every hand, and takes a percentage from each pot? Suppose two players are newcomers? Does it matter if they use chips or money? Who brought them together? Would a stranger be allowed to join in the game?

Now assuming that each city appointed a gambling umpire who would inspect the games and separate the private from the public gambling — which would we prohibit? Wherever gambling is legalized, it is the private gambler who is prosecuted and the public betting which receives sanction. In Nevada or at your nearest racetrack, private wagering is prohibited.

5. Nor is it possible to separate "local" gamblers from "syndicate" gamblers, or to have one set of rules

for club members and another set for hoodlums. The plain fact is that everyone who gambles with strangers is a member of the syndicate. That is all there is to "The Syndicate." There are no membership cards, passwords, annual conventions or elected officers.

The club secretary who is allowed to run Bingo games is just as much a card-carrying member of The Syndicate as is the assassin who buys an Attorney General for a legal opinion or two. Part of every nickel placed in any slot machine anywhere is available for the purchase of .45 caliber slugs. Every person who patronizes a professional gambler is contributing to The Syndicate.

It has always been to the advantage of the resident gambler to build up a false fear of the non-resident. This tends to discourage competition, strengthens his own franchise, and allows him to become a kind of local hero. Sometimes he can scare local politicians into letting him operate in order to "protect the town from The Syndicate." But a politician who sets out to enforce gambling laws only against "official Syndicate" members will end up with a wide-open town.

6. How can we justify a system of enforcement which catches poor people but allows rich people to gamble unmolested? This is a cruel question — cruel because it is unanswerable. Every gambling crusade starts with the tavern, the handbook and the policy-ticket selling, while

gambling at the golf course, private club and racetrack continues unmolested. Poor people's gambling is easier to detect, offers less difficulty in court, and, by definition, has less wealthy protection.

But the notion that rich people shall be allowed to have more vices than poor people is not acceptable to the politician and never will be, so long as poor people outnumber the rich. Nor is it a better rationalization to say that poor people must be protected from risking their grocery and rent money while the rich may be allowed to gamble with their surpluses. After all, the rich have their own arenas for this in the grain and stock markets. There is no comparable game for the poor fellows' pennies.

7. Should we let the people gamble, then, on the theory that this is a free country and no one is compelled to bet?

Whenever this argument is made, the philosopher replies: "Yes, it is a free country, but gambling is a habit-forming addiction just as bad as narcotics. Gambling can lead to broken homes, delinquency, divorce, insanity and suicide. Our government decided long ago to protect its citizens from a hazard such as this, even when the citizen's own weakness and stupidity are part of the hazard."

Someone may interpose: "But they allow gambling at the racetrack. How can it be all right there and yet be illegal next door?"

"Just like narcotics," says the philosopher. "You can get them legally at a hospital, under supervised conditions. But if you go next door and try to give yourself a shot in the arm, that's different."

8. Why not, then, stick to the letter of the law and aim for 100 percent enforcement? Why all this double-talk, hypocrisy and confusion?

Personally, I like this approach. I believe that most sheriffs, mayors and state's attorneys start out with this goal in mind. They are seduced away from it by you, the people; and the more honest they are, the less able they are to resist the seduction.

Here is how it has happened in communities again and again. The new official takes office with the high resolve that he will seek full enforcement of gambling laws. He learns that the community has previously been governed by the whispered word, and he decides to abandon that approach in favor of the direct arrest and persistent raiding. For six months he enjoys a honeymoon with the press and the people, while he chases gamblers.

Then the roof falls in on him. It is revealed that his office's record of convictions has dwindled to five per cent, as compared with his predecessor's forty per cent. The revenue from fines is the smallest in decades, which means an increase in the burden on the taxpayer to pay for services.

Furthermore, our hero becomes known as a "do-nothing" official. What has become of all his other campaign promises? Where are the bridges and the roads? What is he doing about juvenile delinquency, narcotics and the reckless drivers? Where is that slum-clearance program? Why aren't the police out chasing speeders?

Now if we had elected two persons to the office of mayor, sheriff or prosecutor, the problem could be solved. One man could be guarding a reputation for honesty, the other could be performing all the other functions of the office. But we elect one man to do both, and then we make him choose. Inevitably, he is tempted to choose enforcement by the whispered word, so that he can get on with the rest of his job.

Notice that bribery is not necessarily involved in the whispered word. So far as the politician is concerned, it is not a money-making device, but a method for letting him get on with the other functions of his office.

9. Should we direct all our efforts at the professional gambler and ignore the casual gambler? Should we just try to prevent corruption, without caring too much about complete enforcement?

This is the enforcement pattern in many areas of the country. It results from the politician's frustration when he tries to obtain complete enforcement without using the whispered word. While his

policemen spend all their time chasing gamblers, the voters begin to complain. Oddly enough, it is the reformers, the clergymen and the editors who build most of this pressure; but the gamblers are happy to join the movement. Every law violator always believes that the police should be chasing someone else.

When the criticism becomes intolerable, the politician retreats a little, usually by announcing that gambling raids in the future will be made only on complaint, or that

only professional gamblers will be harassed. He does this not because there is a moral or legal line between the amateurs and the professionals, but to conserve police manpower.

What is the solution? Well, it would help greatly if the people will make up their minds about gambling. When the voters insist on flavoring their vices with the delicate tang of illegality, it is hardly fair to blame the politicians for developing split personalities. If we look silly, what about the people we serve?



Seven Full Days of Freedom

We poor Americans are already saddled each year with various Weeks set aside for publicity purposes, such as Donut Week, Mattress Week, Rubbersole Week, and more of the same. The Mercury would like to suggest still another Week which would obviously not be publicized — Mind Your Own Business Week. During this period, every man and woman would do precisely what the slogan implies — mind his or her own business, to the exclusion of everything else. Just imagine what would happen! For one week out of the year, everybody would be so busy minding their own businesses that there would be neither the opportunity nor the inclination to meddle in other people's affairs. Maybe such a week would not bring us into the Promised Land, but at least it would free us, for seven full days, of the constant interference which we now suffer from all sorts of self-appointed saviors of the Republic, who are so busy minding *our* business that they have no time left to laugh at themselves.



YESTERDAY'S FREE LUNCH

by Waldon Porterfield

MANY AN old-timer has nostalgically shed a tear in his beer for the free lunches of yesteryear. The pre-prohibition saloon sometimes may have reeked of sour suds and had ankle-deep sawdust on the floor, but it also had free sausage on the bar.

In today's neoned, jukeboxed, leather-stooled bar or tavern (saloon is a horrible word to the modern pub-keeper), it is a rare treat if the management reluctantly puts a bowl of popcorn, potato chips, peanuts or a few lonely pretzels on the bar. A few bars serve *hor d'oeuvres* during the "cocktail hour," but these consist mostly of cheese or liver spread on dainty crackers—an austere substitute for the groaning *smörgåsbord*—furnished free by the old-fashioned saloon.

Free lunch in the old days did not mean just a hunk of rat-trap cheese or a bit of boloney on a salty cracker.

In some of the pilsener parlors every day was like Thanksgiving. Many of the better saloons served a deluxe lunch between 9 and 11 a.m.

Parched and hungry customers thronged this type of saloon with its gleaming mahogany bar, ornate back bar, jacketed bartenders and glistening brass rail. There were comfortable wooden chairs and tables along the walls, and, possibly at the back of the barroom, was the hot lunch table, presided over by a waiter in a long white apron.

The price of admission to the steaming provender on the table was a nickel schooner of beer in the customer's hand. (Naturally, if a man left after eating copiously and drinking only one stein, he wasn't likely to be welcomed so heartily next time, but it was still all right.)

The table's massive menu might include roast beef, clove-speckled ham, or the plate lunch specialty of

the day, possibly liver and onions, ham hocks and sauerkraut, short ribs, bratwurst, kidney or beef stew, pork and beans, wieners and potato salad, goulash, boiled beef and horseradish, and sometimes steak.

These hot lunches were ordinarily served only during the periods when business was slow, for, even though meat was low-priced in those days, such spreads for noonday crowds would have meant bankruptcy for saloonkeepers. So, at 11 a.m., the hot lunch vanished, though some saloons served free hot sandwiches late in the afternoon to lure the homeward-bound trade through the swinging doors.

THE COLD LUNCH was almost universal in the saloons of the time and was available as long as the doors were open. These spreads varied greatly in quality — cheap cheese and crackers in the skid-row houses, — succulent heaps of choice cold cuts and Swiss cheese with rye bread in the better places. Saloons also featured bowls of large, figure-eight pretzels crystallized with salt, and plates of small, dried herring as heavily salted as the sea, all cleverly calculated to give the eater a powerful thirst.

Different saloons had their free specialties. One might sell a pint of beer, with all the cheese and crackers a man could eat, for five cents. Another might give a hardboiled egg with each glass of beer, or a specified number of oysters, say three, fried or raw, with each schooner of suds. German saloons might specialize in free hot-potato pancakes or sauerbraten with beer.

Even though food was cheap, these spreads cost the saloon-keepers considerable, but the profit on drinks took care of the expense. Though a stein of beer was almost universally sold for a nickel, many saloon men still figured the profit at four cents a glass. The size of the beers varied from giant goldfish bowls, with a snowy drift of foam, to almost diminutive goblets, usually getting smaller in the better places.

Obviously, all this was too good to last, and it did not take long for Prohibition to finish the remnants of the free-lunch tradition in America. Zooming food prices in World War I made it impossible for saloons to continue such hospitality and, by the time the 18th Amendment had parched the nation, the free lunch was mostly just a memory.

A gunman walked up to a theater cashier, stuck a gun in her face and growled:

"The picture was horrible — give me everybody's money back." —
Bruce Magazine.

The **MAGIC** of Smell



by Will Bernard

Most of us think of smell as a junior partner of the senses, but it's a power behind the scenes. Science is only now beginning to penetrate its mysteries.

MAN HAS BEEN fascinated by his nose ever since the dawn of history. He has pierced it to prevent evil from stealing into his body; he has plugged it to prevent life from ebbing out. He has considered himself lucky when it sneezed, unlucky when it itched. He has carved it for beauty, painted it for courage. He has laughed over it, cried over it, celebrated it in song and story.

But only recently has he begun to figure out how the wonderful thing works — how it performs the magic we call smelling. Science is just starting to understand the fantastic decoding system that tells you you're smelling a rose and not a skunk.

Most of us think of smell as a second-rater in the arsenal of senses — a sort of junior partner to the sense of taste. Yet the truth is just the other way around. It's not your tongue but your nose that really savors your food. When the aroma from a sizzling steak drifts into your

nostrils, the work of your smelling apparatus is only beginning. Not until you've popped the meat into your mouth does smell come into full play.

As you chew, you release fumes of odor that rise through the back of your mouth into the inner recesses of your nose, where the olfactory nerve is located. It's there that you discover the delights of a steak that is "done to a turn", a lemon pie that is "scrumptious." Your tongue tells you of only four basic flavors — sweet, salty, sour and bitter. But your nose can distinguish thousands of different flavors, and new ones are being discovered all the time.

A simple experiment will convince you of the dominant role this talented sense plays in eating. The next time your nose is stuffed up by a cold, mince some onion in one dish and some sweet apple in another. With your eyes blindfolded taste each mixture. You can't tell the difference.

From Today's Health, May 1955.

Both will have a slightly sweetish flavor, because that's all that the limited facilities of your tongue can tell you about them. And your nose isn't on the job. Ham, unsmelled, tastes like lamb. The finest claret, unsmelled, tastes like weak vinegar.

That's why gourmets eat so slowly — allowing plenty of time for those all-important fumes to caress their olfactory system. That's why a recent treatise on the sense of smell devotes almost a full page to instructions on how to eat an ice cream cone with a maximum of ecstasy.

UP TO a certain point, science knows pretty well how this sense operates. Your olfactory organ consists of two flat membranes, one in the upper portion of each nostril, each about the size of a postage stamp. Sticking out of the membranes, like so many lines on a telephone switchboard, are tiny hairs. When the odor reaches these hairs, it sends electrical impulses racing along an intricate network of nerves to your brain. There the impulses "light up" a specific code which your brain translates into the appropriate sensation.

But a crucial link in this chain of events has long been a mystery. Exactly what happens at the point of contact? What touches off those telltale impulses? How does your sense of smell pick up the message?

Your ear receives the message of a sound by vibrations. Your eye re-

ceives the message of sight by light waves. But no such simple explanation seems to fit all the known facts about the subtle sense of smell.

One theory after another has been put forward to clear up the enigma. And now evidence is mounting that your smelling equipment can receive odors in several ways, not just one.

Thus there is reason to believe that the damp film around your olfactory hairs can trap tiny particles, dissolve them and start off a chemical reaction — something like the effect of water on a fizz-powder.

There is also evidence that your organ is equipped with zigzag-shaped receptors which react by meshing with odorous molecules of the same shape — much as a lock reacts by meshing with the right key.

Still other experiments indicate that you can detect an individual odor by the special way it disturbs the fine enzyme balance of your olfactory cells.

By such complex means, and perhaps more, your receiving apparatus seems to gather in the signals from the world of odor. With such techniques we pick up the skunk's message of dismay, the rose's message of delight, gas's message of warning and an attic's lingering message of nostalgia.

It's small wonder that no scientist can yet claim to have all the answers. For your nose can receive, analyze and sort out odors with a

speed and finesse that no laboratory instrument can duplicate. When you notice the perfume of a girl you pass on the sidewalk, you are sensing an amount of odor so infinitesimal that no mechanical device now known could either detect or record it. While it's true that a bloodhound can follow a spoor better than you can (partly because his nose is closer to the ground), your human sense of smell is definitely no slouch.

At top efficiency, your nose can probably detect as little as two trillionths of a gram of a strong-smelling chemical.

When King Tut's tomb was opened and ancient perfume flacons were found, the perfume had long since evaporated, but the noses of the archeologists could still detect the faint remnants of aromas more than 3000 years old.

IT'S A common belief that when conditions are right you can smell fright in another person. But some odor experts think that doesn't do justice to the nose's sensitivity. They believe you can even distinguish between different kinds of fright, to wit:

"Platform odor" — from a person nervously making a speech before a crowd;

"Ladder odor" — from a person perched precariously on the top of a ladder; and

"Fear odor" — from the same person if he is chased up that ladder by an angry dog!

In fact, as far as we know now, there may be no limit to the number of smells the human nose can recognize. And since almost everything around us has some odor (usually more than one) it can readily be imagined what a busy crossroads your olfactory mechanism really is.

Handling such a flood of sensations would be a lot harder if your nose didn't have a remarkable talent for adaptation. When an odor comes in strongly, you automatically "tune down the volume" by a process known as odor fatigue. Smell a carnation. The first whiff is powerful, the second weaker and pretty soon you can't even smell it at all. Thus the potent stench of the stockyards doesn't spoil the appetite of the men who work there because their noses quickly learn to live with the smell, to make it "normal" instead of offensive. People who live in cities where the water reeks of sulphur don't mind it at all, while out-of-town visitors turn thankfully to soft drinks to quench their thirst.

Unfortunately, this phenomenon of odor fatigue also blunts your awareness of your own breath and body odor. That's why Orientals can detect a "buttery" smell in Americans that we don't notice, and Americans can detect a "blubbery" smell in Eskimos of which they are equally unaware. That's also why a wise woman will ask her husband if she's wearing too much perfume, instead of relying on her dulled perception.

YOUR olfactory organ also has an amazing degree of esthetic discrimination. A smell that your nose will relish in combination with the other odors of good cheese it will abhor in eggs. The odor of roast beef, delightful in the kitchen, outrages your nose when you smell it in a wildflower. Civet and ambergris, essential elements of expensive perfumes, are horrendous on their own. The smell of a pipe, tantalizing in small quantities to a girl in love, may be hateful, after large doses, to a wife.

A strange quality of your nose, oft noted but little understood, is its uncanny partnership with memory. Even a casual smell can instantly resurrect an experience from the dim past, sometimes remarkably vivid.

A British psychologist got some startling results by plying a group of adults with selected odors — to see what memories he could evoke. One subject, smelling cedarwood oil, remembered his school days, apparently because of the cedarwood odor in pencils. Another, sniffing citronella, “heard” the high whine of mosquitoes. Musk sparked such diverse memories as cows, cathedrals and immorality. To one man, musk brought back the long-forgotten occasion when he first touched a girl’s hand. Orrisroot recalled violets, tea, an old lady, and the smell of an elephant at a distance! Another person, whiffing cassia oil, got a sharp visual image of a doctor long

since dead. The psychologist suggested that such effects might well explain spiritualistic manifestations.

Because it operates so stealthily, your sense of smell seldom gets full credit for what it does. Not only taste, but sound and touch and sight often hog the front of the stage of consciousness, while smell does its work behind the scenes. The sound of singing birds is far more lovely when harmonized with the aroma of spring flowers. The touch of a girl’s lips is more delightful when her hair is radiating a faint fragrance. A sunset on the ocean would lose much of its beauty without the bracing tang of salt air.

SOME YEARS AGO a group of women were asked to make a choice between two kinds of hose. Although they didn’t know it, the stockings were exactly alike in every detail, except that one kind was faintly scented. By a three-to-one ratio, they picked the hose with the fragrance. Yet, when questioned as to their reasons for choosing, none mentioned the fragrance. Some, trusting their sense of touch, mentioned “texture” and “feel.” Others, relying on their sense of sight, talked about “color” and “sheen.” Not a single woman realized that she was led by her nose!

Even when you are aware of an odor, the power of association may step in and play tricks with your interpretation. Witness the wry results reported by the United States

Bureau of Mines when, for testing purposes, it introduced a foul-smelling chemical into the gas mains of a certain community. One housewife bawled out her butcher for delivering spoiled meat. Another informed her husband that he needed a bath. Several persons got busy and ripped up floors in search of dead cats. And one woman simply chucked all of her spouse's shoes into the trash can.

The way a smell can ignite passion has been known, of course, to all the great temptresses of history. Shakespeare wrote that with Cleopatra's perfumes "the winds were love-sick," and Josephine kept her boudoir a heavily-scented haven for Napoleon. But nowadays we realize that our sense of smell can tell us a lot more than "Love that woman!" or "Admire that man!" Because of its far-reaching effect on our moods and emotions, it has been called "the shortest route into the subconscious."

The smell of your own home, when you return from a journey, can induce a sense of relaxation and well-being. Efficiency experts have recommended pleasant odors to improve the morale in factories. Doctors are discussing "odor therapy" for hospitals (example: scenting the room of a Southern patient with the smell of honeysuckle or hot bis-

cuits). A perfume expert has suggested that a nation's war fever might vanish if 10,000 planes were sent over to spray the populace with essence of rosemary!

IN THE FIELD of selling, odor has become big business. Sales-minded companies have discovered that the right smell can touch off a buying urge not only for perfume but also for girdles and stationery and real estate and coal and shoes. Smart merchandisers now use not only price appeal and eye appeal but also nose appeal as well. Confectioners boost their sales by putting a pleasant smell into the wrapper as well as the candy.

Department stores use carefully-chosen fragrances to put customers in a spending frame of mind. Laundries add a faint scent to make your clothes smell fresh when you open your bundle. Chemists are marketing a fantastic array of special-use aromas, including exotic scents such as "newcar smell" (to be sprayed on used cars). Lever Brothers has recently spent a small fortune just to tell an odor-conscious public that the scent of Lifebuoy soap has been changed.

So respect your nose — between your eyes you are wearing one of the most marvelous gadgets in the world!

Policeman: "Is there anything peculiar about your husband by which he could be recognized in case we should find the body?"

Woman: "Yes, he's deaf in one ear." — *Bruce Magazine*.

BLACK DAY

in

San Francisco

Bertha M. Nienberg



OUR spring school vacation had just begun and April 17, 1906, was a day that continued warm into the evening -- a rarity in San Francisco. April 18 was sure to be another warm day. My school chum and I planned to meet at 6 A.M. in the Golden Gate Pan Handle, walk through the park to the Ocean Beach and breakfast on waffles made to order by the waffle-wagon man.

My alarm woke me at five o'clock. I was wondering how many minutes I could stay abed when . . . *our house bent to the right. It bent to the left. It tossed about crazily with a tremendous swirling roar!* I sat up. The two full-length mirrors that hung on opposite walls of my bedroom were swinging out into the middle of the room. My dressing table moved forward from the third wall. Fascinated, I watched. The mirrors swung back and out, back and out, missing each other by inches. Finally, they settled back in their accustomed places. The dressing table rolled forward and back, forward and then back again to its proper position.

I dashed down the long hallway to Father's and

Mother's room, where I found my two brothers and my sister. They were gazing out the front windows at our neighbors on the hill opposite.

"Why, they're scared!" I exclaimed. Then by way of excusing such emotion, "It's because they've just come from Philadelphia where they don't have earthquakes."

There was another temblor. "Get dressed, all of you, and go out doors," ordered Father. "There may be more quakes. No, Bertha, you are not to go to the beach this morning." There were more quakes,

And he was off, almost running down the fourteen Waller Street hills that led to Market Street.

It was no time at all before we saw Will coming back. I ran down to meet him, eager to learn why he had returned. He said, "I could see fire shoot into the skies from the wholesale district and fires in the Mission as soon as I got to the last hill. I ran down Market Street but a cordon of police wouldn't let anyone through. They said the fire is out of control. The earthquake broke the water mains. The firemen

A gigantic force seized thousands of human beings, lifted them, hurled them back down and swept them on to new prosperity or disaster. This was the San Francisco earthquake.

little ones felt indoors but not when moving about outdoors.

My oldest brother, Will, was leaving as usual at six to open up his employer's wholesale leather store near the Ferry, so Mother was inside cooking his breakfast. Will came out and told us: "Mother just finished frying my eggs when the gas blew. The phone isn't operating and all Mother's best china from the china closet is in bits on the dining room floor. All her fancy vases on the parlor mantel smashed but not the kitchenware in the kitchen closet."

are trying to pump water from the bay but their hoses don't reach."

WILL went on, "The City Hall — there's nothing left of it but the dome frame. Everything else is a pile of brick and mortar. The Post Office sidewalk dropped several feet and houses in the Mission collapsed completely into the creek bed. They are taking the injured and dead from there to the Mechanics Pavilion, but that's apt to go, for Hayes Valley is in flames."

Will's story alerted our neighborhood to the seriousness of the situa-

tion. Father told us to salvage the water still in the pipes. We filled the horse's trough at the stable, the water cooler on the back porch, tubs and vessels, until no more water ran from the faucets. And no more water ran from a faucet for four months!

Mother said, "We must get matches and candles." With my youngest brother Ard's homemade coaster, Will and I went down to the nearest grocery store and bought candles and matches, a sack of coffee beans, pea beans, molasses and whatever else Mother thought might be needed in the days ahead. It was the last time there was food to buy for many days. For at 9 A.M. President Theodore Roosevelt declared the city under martial law. By 10 A.M. troops from the Presidio had padlocked our food stores and had taken over all food supplies.

From our hilltop we saw a thin line moving from the flats below.

Mother said, "It must be the people from the Mission whose homes have collapsed. A cup of coffee would help. Go carry wood over to the hill and make a fire that will last. I'll grind coffee. Bertha, get milk and sugar and cups, and maybe someone would like bread and butter."

I set my table on the carriage stoop, the only level spot on our sidewalk.

Mother and Ard made the coffee on the hill.

IT WAS a single file of silent human beings that passed, eyes large and white against cinder-blackened faces. Long hair streaming over shoulders — yellow, brown gray, colored to a sameness by the cinders. In blackened nightgowns and nightshirts, in flimsy kimonos and pajamas, they advanced, some barefooted, some in bedroom slippers. Each carried something, a bird cage, a flowerpot, a vase, a puppy, a cat, a picture. No purses or bags, no suitcases, no coats or suits, no blankets or pillows.

There was no sign of tears. No moans, no shrieks, no hysteria. It was a dignified procession, all emotions harnessed, all thoughts and feelings numbed. As I offered coffee and bread, some stopped and partook silently then moved on quickly, seemingly absorbed in continuing their upward trek.

Now and again, as they drank the coffee, some said aloud what seemed to be going through their minds. Speaking quietly, unemotionally, not really aware of me:

"Why, I was in my bed in the middle of the street, debris all around me," said a dazed woman. "I went to bed in the second floor front bedroom. My husband was in the back room. Where is he? Where is our house?"

"The whole hotel was on top of me," a grim-faced little man kept repeating, "but they dug me out, they dug me out."

"There was water. I saw it through

a hole in the street. It was a stream flowing and a man was drowning. But fire was burning our homes," a wrapper-clad woman told me.

I will never forget the begrimed cherub — about five years old — hugging a terrier pup. Blond, tight curls a mass of cinders, very blue eyes bright and solemn, pink cheeks showing through the smudge. I asked, "Don't you want a cup of milk and some bread?" He stopped and said solemnly, "Jock's cryin' cause he wan's his milk."

I poured milk into a cup and held it for him. Very carefully the cherub deposited Jock on the carriage stoop. He took a saucer from my pile and poured milk into it. Jock lapped it greedily. He poured more until Jock backed away, satisfied. Then only did he raise the refilled cup to his own lips. I buttered bread and heaped it with jam. He took it and turned to follow the line, with Jock tucked under one arm.

THE NIGHT of April 18th was as unforgettable as the day had been. The families on our block brought rockers and arm chairs to the front steps. The morning's single trickle of homeless from the Mission had grown into a stream, but there was only the sound of slowly moving forms, of an occasional softly spoken word. Children as well as oldsters waited quietly for what the night might bring.

Thursday morning Captain

Anderson reached us. His ship was loaded in the Harbor ready to sail. He had circled the fires to bring us the latest news: "Dynamiting hasn't stopped the flames. The fire has spread to the northern part of the city during the night. They plan to dynamite a much larger area over there. It's hard on the property owners but dynamite's all they have to fight with."

Our Aunt Ida and her husband's brother's family had homes on the north slopes. We were not surprised when two tired men leading a horse came down the hill, with Aunt Ida and her two small boys in the buggy and the two nieces in the rear.

"We were given an hour's notice that our homes would be dynamited," my aunt said. "We got the children's food and clothes in and some of our own clothes. We had to lead the horse for the streets are too full of people to drive him."

Hot and grimy as our relatives were, Mother dared not give each more than a cup of water to sponge face and hands. How relieved she was when the four men agreed to drink claret with supper!

In the late afternoon, as expected, the wind blew in from the ocean and brought its covering fog. Father decreed it was too cold to spend the night outdoors. "Will must stay outside and be our sentry," he said. "If we have to move during the night, he will call us. The rest of you go to your rooms before it gets dark. Keep dressed. Don't light

your candle unless there is an emergency. Try to sleep."

Friday afternoon. The relieving word spread that the fire was under control. Four square miles of San Francisco — its entire business district and the northern and southern residential districts — had been destroyed. Walls still tottered and fell in the high winds. Twisted and scorched debris covered the area. The water supply pipes had been broken. The main sewer pipes were cracked. Gas mains were damaged. Electric wires were down. The reported dead numbered 300 and more than 700 had been injured.

While the Army and Red Cross distributed to the homeless the tents, blankets, clothes and food that a generous nation poured into the city, we whose homes still stood contrived ways to live without city water, sewer, trash collection, electricity or gas, and without a food store.

No fires were permitted in homes until the occupants had certificates issued by an authorized inspector stating that the chimneys were in proper condition. And not then unless there was a water supply. With one accord the families on our hill moved laundry stoves into the street gutter. The men adjusted

the stove pipes so that the prevailing winds would blow the smoke away from the cooks who stood on the sidewalk.

CAMPING OUT, hunting for friends tenting in the Park and Presidio, looking for heat-beautified glass in the ruins, these spelt adventure for us youngsters. For our mothers, it must have been a time of patient planning to care for us all. But our fathers' businesses, built up over years, were wiped out. Their insurance records and other business papers in safes were burned to brown bits.

Would the insurance companies honor their fire policies? It would be months before the business section could be rebuilt — should they try to begin business in the outlying sections of the city? Where was the capital to come from? Should they get into the construction business or work as building tradesmen? Some did and made money. Others could not. And others found that the conditions were conducive to new developments and businesses which they launched successfully.

Soon San Francisco men and women were back on an operating basis and, before too long, the disaster-stricken city was rebuilt.

As Franklin walked out of Convention Hall, he was asked, "What have you given us?"

And Franklin, past eighty, yet with his great mind still looking to the future, gave his answer to that question: "A republic, sir, if you can keep it."

The Cure for JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

by
Jack Wyrzten

MILLIONS of words have been spoken and written about juvenile delinquency. Despite the combined efforts of law-enforcement officers, educators, welfare agencies and the like, all programs to cope with juvenile delinquency have failed. In the light of these attempts, how can I dogmatically assume to know the answer? The strength of my answer lies in its endurance as a bulwark of truth through the annals of time.

Open your Bible to *Proverbs 22:6* and read, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This is part of the answer — a basic principle that totalitarian powers have successfully employed to achieve their own perverted ends. But what of the young fellow or girl who never had this early training? Again the Bible proves to be a rich storehouse of advice. *Psalms 119:9* says, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

What word? The Word of God!

What is the Word of God? It is



the Bible, consisting of the Old and New Testaments — the only book in the world that claims to be the inspired Word of God. Dogmatic, but true.

Already I can sense many turning away, perhaps on the basis that this is narrow-minded thinking. However, the truth is always narrow, as any scientist can testify. Two plus two always equals four, whether we like it or not. And yet, in our homes, in our schools, in our churches, in our government and in our businesses, we have all too often subscribed to the modern belief that there are shades of right and wrong in practically every area of life.

Here I believe is our basic departure from the Word of God and the primary cause of all our problems, including juvenile delin-

quency. We have sown the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind. Without an anchor and without a standard of navigation, we are adrift and lost, knowing neither where we have been nor where we are going. We have become a people of double standards. No wonder we're confused and frustrated! No wonder we can't reach any clearcut answers to our problems!

For example, many of the same newspapers and magazines that deplore juvenile crime in their editorial columns carry advertising of products, services and pictures that help encourage juvenile delinquency. We preach morality, but practice immorality. We want to have our cake, and eat it too.

A well-known television station in the nation's top juvenile-delinquency area recently cancelled our paid-for Christian youth telecast in favor of a crime show. They implied we didn't have enough people watching our program (despite our offer to show them bushels of mail received from thousands of spiritually hungry viewers, many of them teen-agers). Our program "hurt the station financially!" Such action may not be immoral, but it certainly is unmoral, demonstrating an indifference to moral and spiritual values.

Our public schools were developed primarily to educate our children and young people in the sciences, arts and the American way of life. Today, despite the fact that our

forefathers founded this country on Christian ideals and doctrine, the Bible is laughed at in many of our schools — being called out of date, full of myths, fairy tales and cunningly devised fables. Its sharp delineation of right and wrong is ridiculed as old-fashioned, while sin is made to appear up-to-date.

HERE, however, I would interject a word in behalf of the great number of overworked, underpaid teachers who struggle daily with overcrowded classes and poor facilities, whose intentions and teaching are honorable and upright, and who find themselves handicapped by an unwarranted transfer of responsibility from the home to the school. Also, thousands upon thousands of our young people *are* treading the paths of righteousness, and the delinquent group is the minority that pulls the reputation of the majority with it.

But the problem does exist — and widely — in schools. Evolution is taught as a fact and as the product of blind material forces working together without direction. As a result, students are taught to believe that man is under no divine rule or constraint, that he is a law unto himself and ultimately answerable to no one. This is "progressive education" which, instead of bringing out the best in students, has led to a breakdown in authority, with accompanying disregard for American tradition.

Permissive discipline, practiced in the school and in the home, with its mollicoddling and self-expressionism, has broken the hold of instructors over their classes and parents over their sons and daughters, teaching young people early in life that they can safely flout authority. One New York school-teacher reports:

"It is common to find girls, reprimanded when they disrupt class with unbridled filth and conversation, rising to tell the teacher, 'I'll get you fired — shut your mouth!' The teacher's hands are tied. Her only recourse is to apathetic and unbelieving parents, but the schools will not allow her to do that."

Little wonder that we daily read such newspaper headlines as these:

TEEN-AGE VANDALS SMASH
SCHOOL!

TWO TEEN-AGERS HELD FOR
TRIAL IN ATTACK ON
TEACHER!

HIGH SCHOOLS HUSHING UP
SEX CASES!

TEEN-AGE CRIME INCREASES!

THE COST of dealing with this problem is tremendous. The victimizing of innocent bystanders is inexcusable. Yet the answer does not lie simply in increased law-enforcement activity. Rather, the need is very evidently for a two-pronged attack on the problem. We

must endeavor not only to protect society but also to redeem the offending individuals.

The Word of Life Fellowship makes a full-time business of reaching young people with the Word of God. Our regular Saturday night radio broadcasts on WABC, the Yankee network and other stations reach millions of teen-agers and their parents with a lively program whose serious purpose is to fasten listeners' eyes and ears and minds on Jesus Christ. Every night in the week we have gospel teams traveling throughout the land, conducting Youth Rallies and campaigns in which there is evident a real moving of the Spirit of God.

Each summer we operate three Christian Camps on Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks. (The Ranch for boys and girls 7-14; the Island for young people 14-25; the Inn for family groups and older folk.) We played host to nearly 10,000 persons last summer. These are reported to be the fastest growing camps in America, either religious or secular, and we are expecting over 14,000 this coming summer.

Our files reveal many cases of dramatic conversions through these various ministries. By "conversion" we mean the "spiritual rebirth" taught in *John, Chapter 3*. It is true that, whether you follow the moral code of the Bible or accept its teaching of the need for spiritual rebirth, the way is toward a more wholesome way of life.

But I do believe the heart is the very root of our trouble, for it is "deceitful above all things" (*Jeremiah 17:9*). That means if we are going to do more than deal with the symptoms of the disease, we must correct the source of our trouble. Turning over a new leaf isn't the answer. We need a whole new book, written by God in the fleshly tables of our hearts. We don't need reformation: we do need transformation!

Larry Doyle, now an outstanding youth leader and conference speaker, came to us a few years ago as a typical teenage delinquent. His keen mind, coupled with a powerful, well-developed body, had made him a leader in a New York City teen-age gang, but all the time wondering, as he said, what life was all about. No one was more surprised than he when he found himself at our conference one summer.

A relative had used a bit of "sanctified subterfuge" to send him to Word of Life Camp. He wanted to leave as soon as he arrived, but before he could get away he heard the gospel message and was convinced that he needed a change of heart and life. His decision to get squared away with Christ brought about a revolution which turned him right side up. Returning home to tell the gang about his experience, he discovered that in his absence, there had been a gang fight in which one of the boys had been murdered.

The change in his own life stood out in sharp relief as he endeavored to get the rest of the gang turned right side up, too. Larry's story is but one of hundreds of similar cases of conversion in our records.

ONE OF the reasons for the success of our programs has been our recognition of the fact that every individual is a complex personality, consisting of body, soul and spirit. Our program is designed to reach every part of that nature.

We realize that every young person is vitally alive physically. A full athletic program is planned and administered by Gil Dodds, former holder of the indoor-mile world championship. Gil is known as the "Flying Parson," a keen, successful athlete who knows the score about spiritual things, giving every one an opportunity to achieve that necessary feeling of success and confidence. With such a director, we are able to make exceptional headway in instilling the true concept of fair play, sportsmanship, and honesty.

Personal counseling has a large part in our program. I believe that we must give frank and honest answers to the problems which plague our young people. If we are honest and frank in helping them to solve their problems, these patterns will offer no trouble when they arise again in the future. I read recently in one of our New York papers: "Sex is becoming an almost unmanageable problem in our public

schools; lewd literature is read and openly exchanged between the sexes; there are no jokes or sexual terms too foul for popular expression among some of our teen-agers today."

It is high time that the home and the pulpit gave frank and honest guidance to our young people. The Bible is one of the finest books to teach wholesome sex patterns. It is straightforward and plain. When it describes immoral situations: it is always to make us hate sin and love righteousness.

Today's youth, while not blameless, are largely the victims of moral

and spiritual lapses of preceding generations. Perhaps we can even go back to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and lament the fact that they wrote of our inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*. They apparently took for granted that we would know which way to go in pursuit.

Our problem today is that we are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. We seek pleasure as a key to happiness, whereas the only unalterable, lasting way to true happiness is through the pursuit of righteousness.

Mountain Men

A friend and I were on a fishing trip in the mountains near Knoxville, Tennessee. We had been fishing all morning and had stopped in at a little country store, the type that still has the wheel of cheese sitting out on the counter and the loose crackers in the barrel. We were probably the only customers the old man had had all day and he seemed to be in a talkative mood. Finally we asked him about the weather outlook for later in the day.

He replied: "I don't rightly know, but I was just over to the cabin a little while ago and heard the weather report on the radio. It said it was going to be fair and clearing this afternoon. But I don't guess you can pay any attention to it because it's just a little old cheap radio."

A little mountain boy's father was taking him into town for the first time. The boy had never seen electric lights before, and just at dusk they cleared the brow of the hill with their wagon.

He looked down at the little town nestled there in the valley — there must have been at least three or four hundred people living in it, and it was all lit up.

And the little boy turned to his father, his eyes shining, and said, "Doggonc, Paw, it looks like the whole world's done gone 'possum hunting." — From *The Herman Hickman Reader* by Herman Hickman, Simon and Schuster, Inc., N. Y., Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Herman Hickman.

This Is What They Said

Our Government has loaned or given to 22 foreign nations over 100 billion dollars in the past few years, little of which will ever be repaid. Those 22 nations' latest available published debt, including England, equalled \$123,415,215,075 — with a population of 328 million. That's not all — more billions are being voted most of those (22) nations for foreign relief.

— AMERICAN HERITAGE PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. — JESUS CHRIST, *Matthew* 10:34

But what may well have triggered my removal was my recommendation, made in January shortly before my relief, that a treason trial be initiated to break up a spy ring responsible for the purloining of my top secret reports to Washington. My campaign plans, including those of the Eighth Army, were transmitted daily to Washington. General Walker complained constantly to me that the enemy was receiving prior information of his movements. We could find no leaks in Korea or Japan. Then suddenly one of my dispatches concerning the order of battle was published in a Washington paper within a few hours of its receipt. I insisted that those responsible be prosecuted in order that such subversive activity be stopped, but the case was never processed and I was shortly relieved of my command.

— GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
(In his answer to Truman's Memoirs)

The saint never has to appear to seem holy, but the hypocrite does.

— BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON

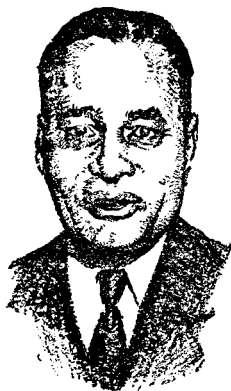
The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.

— THOMAS JEFFERSON

The hypocritical Pharisees were dead before their bodies died; so are most men today. — FRANK S. MEAD

“For he that will love life, and see good days, let him . . . do good,” says the Bible. We must learn to live life and to live it with enthusiasm. And the way you think determines whether you hate life or love it.

— NORMAN VINCENT PEALE



Who and What is RALPH BUNCHE ?

by Harold Lord Varney

IF THE question were asked, who is the outstanding Negro in the United States today, the answer would be immediate. It would be Ralph J. Bunche. In a few short years, the fast-mounting Bunche has reached a dizzy and unrivaled eminence as the most honored Negro in America.

The reasons for the success story, however, are not so easy to perceive. Certainly, they do not reflect extraordinary achievement. Among the 15,042,286 Americans classified as Negroes in the 1950 Census, there are many who have done distinguished things in the arts, the professions, and in public life. If the list were tallied, probably dozens of names could be cited which top that of Bunche in mental ability, in creativeness, in presence and in unique personal achievement. And yet Bunche alone has climbed to the publicity stratosphere. Here is an

obvious mystery of build-up and sponsorship which clamors for explanation.

Consider some of the honors which have been showered upon this unglamorous ex-professor. Over 40 universities and colleges have bestowed honorary scholastic degrees upon him. High-level national organizations and learned bodies have given him medals and awards in conspicuous public ceremonies. He has been offered high office by two Presidents, Truman and Eisenhower.

He has been advanced to the second highest rank in the United Nations. Ed Murrow has clucked over him in his nation-wide TV "Person to Person" hookup. As a supreme distinction, he has entered the exalted company of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, Cordell Hull and General Marshall as a Nobel Prize winner.

It would seem that only a person of the highest order of talents could attain such international laudation. And yet, even his best friends would not claim for Bunche an ability beyond ordinary. Why, then, has he achieved such rocket success?

THE ANSWER to this question, I believe, can be found in the twisted and distorted scale of values which has come into effect during the dreary years since 1945. It is a scale of values in which greatness is assessed not by distinguished achievement but by the usefulness of the individual to certain publicity-controlling power groups. These groups need symbolic "heroes" to control large population minorities. Ralph Bunche is the man who was cold-bloodedly selected to be the bellwether for these groups among the American Negro public.

In Bunche's case, his major talent has always been a free-wheeling and intuitive gift for picking the winning side, and for making himself conspicuously useful to those who are promoting it. It took him some time to attach himself to the top pressure groups. For a number of years he careened around in pursuit of various "waves of the future" until he found himself. It was characteristic of the man that he did not stay long with any of these enthusiasms when he discovered that they were duds. Bunche is not a man to stand on the barricades of a lost cause.

The first important "wave of the future" in his career was Communism. Apparently the future great man believed, for a while, that Communism was the open door to self-advancement.

Bunche came into active contact with the Moscow apparatus during the Depression. It was a time when Communism flared up briefly in the American Negro world as a major movement which could propel ambitious young men to personal success. It was a time when the Communist Party functionary, Ben J. Davis, was twice elected as an avowed Communist to represent Harlem in the New York City Council. It was a time when Adam Clayton Powell found it expedient to appear as a speaker at official Communist meetings in order to advance himself politically. It was a time when Paul Robeson and his wife, Eslanda, were the reigning royal family of the Negro community, fawned upon by colored and white people alike.

Up to the time he met the Communists, Bunche had been little better than a scholastic plodder, edging his way slowly up the ladder of advancement at Howard University, and working the Foundation fellowship game for all it was worth. Without talent as a writer, he had little published material to his credit.

But in 1935, the Negro Commission of the National Committee of the Communist Party decided to

set up an important "front" organization under the name of the National Negro Congress. To give it a good publicity send-off, it was decided to launch this "front" at a conference at Howard University in Washington. Bunche, then an associate professor, emerged as one of the leading spirits at this conference.

WHETHER he had become a card-carrying Communist member before this time is a fact known only to Bunche and to the Communist Party. The fact remains that Manning Johnson, who was present at the conference as a representative of the Negro Commission, has declared in an affidavit that he was introduced to him at Howard as "Comrade Bunche." Later, Johnson states that he encountered the professor at a top caucus meeting of conference delegates, attended only by party members.

Subsequently, when James W. Ford, top Negro Communist leader, gave his report on the Howard University conference to the Negro Commission of the party, he stated that he had had some difference with "Comrade Bunche" based on the new Communist policy of using non-Communist leaders in "united front" organizations. At a later Commission meeting, Ford reported that the Bunche disagreement had been straightened out.

Significantly, Bunche's name appears in the official account of the

launching of the National Negro Congress written by William Z. Foster, chairman of the Communist Party (*History of the Communist Party of the U. S.*, page 308). Foster's account is worth quoting:

"The rising spirit of struggle among the Negro people during these years reflected itself in the National Negro Congress, organized in Chicago, February 14-16, 1936. The NNC grew out of a conference held previously under the auspices of Howard University and the Joint Committee on National Recovery. Among those present were such notables as Ralph Bunche, W. E. B. DuBois, A. Philip Randolph, R. A. Carter, John P. Davis, James W. Ford, and others."

It was not long before Bunche publicly identified himself with another all-out Communist venture. This was the party magazine, *Science and Society*, *A Marxian Quarterly*. During its brief career, *Science and Society* attempted to infiltrate Communist ideas into American and academic circles. It was avowedly Marxian. Bunche's name appeared as one of the contributing editors in the first issue of the quarterly when it was launched in the winter of 1935. It remained on the *Science and Society* masthead until 1940, when Bunche openly broke with the Communists.

Bunche did not write much, but it is inconceivable that he would have allowed his name to be exploited for five years if he had not been in sympathy with its mission.

However, his political ideas during this Leftist period of his life were set forth plainly in a pamphlet, *A World View of Race*, which he wrote and published in 1936. The pamphlet bristles with Marxist terminology and with Leninist-Stalinist clichés.

Bunche's thesis in this pamphlet was the Communist one that race conflicts are not actually the result of race differences, but of economic rivalries.

"The Negro must develop, therefore, a consciousness of class interest and purpose," he wrote, "and must strive for an alliance with the white working class in the common struggle for economic and political equality and justice. . . . Group antagonisms are social, political and economic conflicts, not racial, though they are frequently given a racial label and seek racial justification."

Ford, Davis, A. W. Berry and other Negro Communist Party leaders were telling their listeners the same thing during this period.

Had Bunche remained at this level of activity during the opportunity-rich years that were ahead, we would probably never have heard much more about him. But with his uncanny instinct for self-advancement, he sensed, late in the Thirties, that richer fields were beckoning to him among the New Deal "Liberals." The turning point in his life was probably his meeting with Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish Socialist.

Myrdal is an obscure figure to most, but few men have played a more important behind-scenes role in the ideological history of our war and post-war period. It is not an exaggeration to say that Myrdal blueprinted the whole race-equality policy which has been adopted *in toto* by the United Nations and by two administrations of the United States. He was quoted by Chief Justice Warren as the authority on American Negro problems in his historic desegregation decision. At present he is executive secretary of the UN Economic Commission for Europe.

Myrdal was commissioned in 1938 by the Carnegie Foundation to make a \$300,000 survey of the American Negro problem. His survey lasted four years. It culminated in the book, *The American Dilemma*, which has become something of a bible on the subject among American "Liberals."

BUNCHE spent two years with Myrdal between 1938 and 1940, preparing a section of the final report. In this section, he found it advisable to differ with the Communist Party, specifically criticizing the 1939 Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact. Since then he has never been publicly identified with the Communists.

Myrdal, who, as a challenger of the Hitler race theories was the darling of the interventionists of the pre-Pearl Harbor period, undoubt-

edly showed the ambitious Bunche the richness of the rewards which the internationalist political and social coterie, and the foundations, can bestow upon their favorites. It is a fact that ever since this period, Bunche has been a complacent follower of the approved internationalist line. He has long since outpaced his teacher in the skill with which he has cultivated the internationalist garden.

The war years saw Bunche widening out his activities onto the world field. He was appointed as a "social-science analyst" on Africa in the war-time OSS. He rose rapidly to become chief of the Africa Section of the OSS in 1943. He transferred to the Department of State in 1944.

Here he came under the influence of Alger Hiss. Hiss was then riding high in the Department. It was the period later described by ex-Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle as the one of struggle in the Department between the pro-Russian and the non-appeasement factions. He described it:

"In the fall of 1944, there was a difference of opinion in the State Department. I felt that the Russians were not going to be sympathetic and cooperative . . . The opposite group in the State Department were largely the men — Mr. Acheson's group of course, with Mr. Hiss as his principal assistant in the matter. At that time Mr. Hiss did take what we would call today the pro-Russian point of view."

Now the significant thing about Bunche is that, entering the State Department at this time, he became a Hiss man. The association paid off in gratifying rewards. He was Hiss's assistant secretary at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in Washington in August-October, 1944, which set up the framework of the United Nations. He accompanied Hiss to San Francisco in March, 1955, as an adviser to the American delegation at the UN organizing conference (Hiss was secretary of the delegation, and did the hiring and firing).

Later, when the UN was set up, Bunche, after several preliminary chores, was appointed to the important post of director of the Division of Trusteeship in 1946. His appointment record shows the name of Hiss as one of his sponsors.

However, Bunche really reached the political big time with his mission to Palestine in 1948. Here, as the personal appointee of Director General Trygve Lie, he was an assistant to Count Bernadotte, UN mediator, when Bernadotte was assassinated by a terrorist. Stepping into the Acting Mediatorship, he became a world figure overnight.

Bunche admirers have paid fulsome tribute to his success in bringing peace to Palestine. It was this putative achievement which led to his Nobel Prize award. Aside from the fact that there is still no peace in Palestine but only an armed and ugly truce, Bunche's 1948 achieve-

ment, upon examination, shrivels into a shabby and tarnished performance. What he actually did was to give the ruling authorities in Washington and at the UN the kind of a settlement that they wanted.

It was a settlement which produced a truce at the inhuman cost of the displacement from their historic homes of 800,000 Arabs. It was a settlement which probably meant the loss to the Free World of the allegiance of 200,000,000 Arabs. It was a settlement which France is now paying for in blood in Morocco and Algeria, and which has lost to the the British Commonwealth the control of the all-vital Suez Canal.

If this was an achievement for which an American should be honored, then all known yardsticks of sanity must be in disbalance. But it was a settlement which helped elect Harry Truman president of the United States in November, 1948, and which has made Ralph Bunche a great man in the decade of the Fifties. It is an amazing historic tally sheet.

SINCE Palestine, and its demonstration of his usefulness to powerful international elements, the Bunche career has thriven like the proverbial green bay tree. No shadow of the cynical paths by which he has advanced to his present authority are allowed to fall across his present glamor. He has become

an institution. He has become the symbol of the new Negro policy of the United States, which is waved like a tireless flag before world Communism by our psychological warriors.

An America in which a Ralph Bunche can rise to his present heights cannot be unfair to its Negro population, they intone over the Voice of America or over Radio Free Europe. Since anything which would destroy the Bunche luster might take away this debaters' argument, official Washington stands solid to preserve the Bunche legend in unsoiled marble solemnity.

When, in 1954, an attempt was made by American-minded persons to secure a thorough public airing of the curious Bunche record by an authoritative Government body — in this instance, the United States Investigating Board — the hearing turned out to be a Bunche love feast. The UN factotum was treated with reverent consideration and was carefully shielded from cross examination. His indicters, however, were given a rough time of it, and left the hearings before a storm of smears.

It was an extraordinary happening. In a Washington which had thrown Alger Hiss and Owen Lattimore to the wolves, it was spectacularly demonstrated that a Ralph Bunche could not be touched.

There is a meaning for America somewhere in this story, if we have the understanding to find it.

Obviously, neither white nor colored Americans can find much inspiration in such a success saga. A United States in which a Ralph Bunche can soar to Hall of Fame heights is not a United States in which a Booker T. Washington or a George W. Carver could win recognition, with their solidier claims to greatness. It is not a United States which is attuned to political courage.

It is a United States in which the supreme honor awards go to the man who is most calculatingly astute in his ideological affiliations and in his choice of sponsors. Such astuteness Ralph Bunche possesses in exceptional measure. He will continue to shine in his stellar lustre as long as the United Nations, and its gonfaloniers, write American foreign policy.



PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

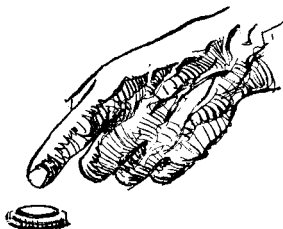
MERCURY readers have expressed the opinion that an ideal team would be:

J. EDGAR HOOVER

and

BILLY GRAHAM

This would give the country able administration, law and order, and great spiritual leadership.



Just Push a Button

by

Waldo Carlton Wright

You are in the middle of a revolution. It has nothing to do with the form of government you live under or with who is president — but it is changing the kind of job you will be expected to do and the number of good things in life which you will enjoy.

This revolution comes from the many ways that electricity can be made to do more of your work. A simple example is the thermostat on the wall of your living room. When the temperature drops below seventy, the contact switches on a motor and your stoker starts up. When the temperature of the room rises to seventy, another contact shuts off the motor. Your refrigerator, automatic washer and electric oven are other familiar examples. This process, applied to industry, is known as automation — merely another name for the push-button age.

Before automation, it would have taken 400 man hours to machine the intricate cam for the fuel control on a jet engine. Now, at Bendix, the whole process from blueprint to polished part takes one operator

only two hours. Thus, with automation, one worker actually produces as much as 200 machinists did only yesterday. The process for making the cam starts when the data on the blueprint is automatically transferred to punched tape. The tape is fed into the machines to control the shaping of the parts to dimensions so that one cam does not vary from another as much as one-hundredth of an inch.

Thousands of plants are being switched over to automation for quicker, cheaper manufacture of everything from engines to TV tubes, air condition units, even frozen foods. Raw material goes into the production line and, at the other end, finished products come out — often packaged ready for the consumer.

Automation is the dream that has been in the back of man's mind ever since he discovered that it was easier to roll a log than to push it. First, he made a wheel. He followed this with a pulley and gears. Finally he found ways to use water, wind, steam, and then automatic energy

to take the weight off his back. But, while semi-automatic and fully automatic machines followed, there was still too much toting of material to and away from the machines. Besides, there remained the tedious business of assembling parts. Even when parts moved through the plant on traveling belts, it was necessary to have men at every station with wrenches, calipers and gauges to turn nuts or check measurements.

THEN the shrieks of the first crude radios awakened man to the potentials of the electronic tube. Almost overnight, ingenious mechanics discovered that this bit of wire and glass and plastic could be hooked up to do many jobs that had become tedious — to manage the machine. The tube could watch, hear and report, audibly or on tape, what the machine was doing. Even more wonderful, the tape could be fed through controls like the paper roll on a player piano to start the process going and to keep the wheels turning at the right speed and in the right direction. So modern automation was born.

Startled by the prospect of mass unemployment, union heads began talking of reducing the work week. What does it profit a miner to earn three dollars an hour if he works only three or four months a year?

Higher rates for miners had opened the door and invited in other more automatic fuels — gas,

oil, the sun — to provide heat. In your homes you no longer need to run up and down steps to throw a shovel of coal into the furnace or carry out the ashes. You're enjoying the pushbutton age. And 20,000 anthracite miners have had to seek other jobs.

How will automation alter our lives? Will millions of others lose their jobs, too? In time will our economy grind to a tube-controlled stop? You can be sure such fears are groundless. Automation will usher in a new age of more things for more people. It will bring all of us a higher standard of living.

But what about jobs? Under automation workers will have to bring home enough in the pay envelopes to let their families enjoy automatic heat, TV, cars, better balanced meals, better medical care, higher education for their children. From examples all around you it is evident that automation has increased production so rapidly (as at Ford, General Electric and Corning Glass) that more rather than fewer men are employed.

One change already is evident in the nature of available jobs. In the last twenty years the number of men who contributed only a strong back to their work has dropped from six million to three. This number will continue to decline under automation, but to offset these displaced persons there will be more jobs for the semi-skilled and the skilled. They will have more

challenging and rewarding jobs in the pushbutton age.

Men who became bored with welding together a refrigerator box will see the whole refrigerator take form in one machine. The assembler who turned down the bolts on a gasoline engine will see it completed, including the adding of lubricating oil, so that, when welded into the chassis, the engine is primed, as it drops off the production line, ready for its future owner to get into his car and drive away.

Yes, automation will throw men out of routine jobs, but it will unfold millions of jobs for detailers, draftsmen, production planners and inspectors. Men will have to build and operate the automatic machines and record on tapes the data from blueprints. Men will be needed to keep the machines running when, like human beings, they too fail from fatigue of tubes, tape or metal.

But there is more to it than that. There is the little item of one trillion, four hundred million dollars! That is what it will take to change over all our plants to automation. This is four times the total wealth invested in all American factories, plants and office buildings. The change-over to the pushbutton age will take time and a whale of a lot more money than is available. The process will be slow and expensive, and this lag will provide needed time for men to find new jobs within automation. The human adjustment will take place concur-

rently with the transformation of the lathe, press, boring mill and spot welding to pushbutton operation.

THERE is a dearth of young, imaginative engineers who must be trained to build these machines, to take the bugs out of pilot plant operation, to force the machines to stick to their knitting and do what they are designed to do. This is a part of the change-over in vocation which must start in high school to encourage and help our young people to prepare for the age they inevitably will live in, the pushbutton age.

Finally there is the balance of all these variables so that the machines will not turn out more cars, refrigerators and washers than you can buy with what is left when you have paid the bills for food, clothing and shelter. Americans will have to buy and consume the bulk of this new flood of gadgets and devices for better living, or the whole process will fall ingloriously on its face. Every other country, from England to Russia, Japan and India, is becoming conscious of automation and many of their technicians and engineers already are treading on our heels, method-wise.

Americans will be able to consume the bulk of what they produce only if the transformation of the worker keeps pace with the mechanical changeover to automation in the pushbutton age.

THE CHEAPEST KIND of JUSTICE



Murray T. Pringle

IF YOU are an average citizen there has been at least one time when you have suffered a minor financial loss through no fault of your own. The loss hurt, but you didn't do anything about trying to recover it because ordinary court costs would exceed possible recovery.

Those in a comfortable income bracket might airily dismiss such losses but for the average citizen, earning from \$35 to \$60 a week, the loss of \$3, \$5 or \$10 can be a disaster not so easily shrugged off. There are still many — perhaps you are among them — who shrug and reply: "Grin and bear it, that's *all* you can do!"

But that *isn't* all you can do, as thousands of people have discovered. If someone owes you a small sum for services rendered or property destroyed or damaged, you can sue for recovery. The cost to you? Between \$1 and \$1.50! And the case is generally settled within fifteen minutes.

This is all possible in the Small Claims Courts. These are popularly called "Poor Man's Courts," because patrons receive quick justice at marked-down costs. These tribunals are to be found in virtually

every large city in this country. They originated in Kansas in 1913 when a Topeka charwoman appealed to the State's Attorney because a businessman refused to pay her \$3 wages for a week's work. From that humble beginning, these courts have spread the length and breadth of this land; their primary function is the collection of small refunds, debts, damages and payments which ordinarily would cost more to pursue than they would be worth.

Small Claims Courts may bear many different titles in different parts of the country, but their operation is similar. Procedure differs mainly in the maximum size of claims that may be filed. In Oregon and Vermont, for example, the limit is \$20, whereas in Chicago it is \$200. Most states have \$50 maximums. These courts do not accept libel and slander suits, only civil suits, and no one person may press more than two actions a day. To prevent these tribunals from becoming massive collection agencies, corporations, partnerships, societies and associations are not permitted to sue, but the courts are open to any individual, whether he resides in a cold-

water flat or lives in a mansion.

Legal technicalities play no part in these procedures, hence there is no need for lawyers. Or for jurors either, for that matter. Although the right to trial by jury exists, it is seldom exercised.

Stripped of all legal mumbo-jumbo found in other courts, the procedure followed here is so elemental that even a child can understand what's going on. The outstanding characteristic of these Small Claims Courts, aside from the speed and efficiency with which cases are handled, is their informal, homey atmosphere.

The courtroom has only a few rows of seats and in front of them a bench behind which sits no stern-faced, black-robed jurist, only a pleasant-faced man dressed in street clothes.

Let's "sit in" on a case being handled in New York City's court, which is fairly representative. Having jurisdiction over cases involving up to \$50, it handles an average of 20,000 a year. The following case is typical:

The time is 10 A.M. A young girl, obviously nervous but just as obviously determined, seats herself in the witness chair.

"All right, young lady," says the judge. "Just tell me in your own words what the trouble is. And speak so the defendant" — he points to a stony-faced matronly woman in the front row — "can hear you. Go ahead, please."

THE YOUNG WOMAN, a domestic, tells her story. She had been hired to do a day's housecleaning for \$5. When she had finished her chores, her employer had refused to pay her. "She said I didn't do a good job," the girl finishes her recital.

"I see," the judge nods. "How long did you work?"

"Seven hours."

"And you do not consider the work you did unsatisfactory?"

"I'm a hard worker, Judge. I always do my best. And I did this time, too. I did everything she told me to."

The judge beckons to the defendant. "You heard the plaintiff's story?" he asks. The woman nods. "Do you agree or disagree with what she has said?"

"I would have paid her," replies the defendant, "but honestly, Judge, the house was almost as bad as before she started. She left spots on the kitchen walls."

The judge turns to the girl. "What about that?" "I scrubbed them for half an hour, but they just wouldn't come out," she explains.

Turning again to the housewife, the jurist asks, "Was anything else left dirty?" "N-no, I guess not. But she didn't do a thorough job, Judge!"

"I think," says the judge, "that this girl deserves her pay. You can send her a check or pay her now." More stony-faced than ever, the

housewife pulls \$5 from her purse and hands it to the girl. Then both of them leave the courtroom. The time is 10:10 A.M.

During those ten minutes plaintiff and defendant have testified, have been cross-examined, a decision has been handed down and carried out. All done with a minimum of formality, red tape and expense.

This case is typical of the thousands handled yearly throughout this country and though the sums involved in individual cases are "penny ante," they add up to many thousands of dollars.

PERHAPS the majority of those who utilize the services of Small Claims Courts are women who have to watch every penny. They come to recover lost laundry, even handkerchiefs damaged or ruined by cleaners. Not infrequently, the judicial bench is all but hidden beneath piles of dresses, slips, coats and even shoes awaiting personal inspection. The Small Claims Court judge or referee must have a general knowledge of such things as automobile mechanisms, dry-cleaning processes, the quality of clothing and various and sundry other things. Such knowledge is essential if he is to render a swift and fair verdict.

What woman hasn't found broken dishes, cracked mirrors or ripped upholstery after the moving men have left? If she knows what she is about, she can receive satisfaction via the Small Claims Court. Ditto

for the moving man who finds himself unable to collect payment for inexpensive jobs. Or car owners who have suffered a dented fender, broken headlight, garage overcharges. Or garage owners who would like to collect on a small bill.

The smallest case on record was not filed by a woman, but by a man living in Brooklyn. He claimed he was charged a dime for what was actually a nickel glass of orange juice.

The evidence brought into court to back up claims runs the gamut. A Massachusetts woman carried a droopy chicken before a judge to prove that her neighbor had sold her a sick bird. An elderly couple in Philadelphia produced their "fresh" anniversary cake which was undeniably mouldy. Dogs and cats are constantly being paraded through these courtrooms by owners being sued for the price of new clothes by persons alleging "unprovoked attacks by vicious beasts."

All sorts of cases and all types of humanity come before the Small Claims judge. Therefore the man detailed to handle this hodgepodge must be carefully chosen. He must be gentle with the timid, tactful with the obstreperous, understanding with the ignorant. He must run his court informally, yet preserve its dignity. He must have an almost infinite amount of patience and be a swift and shrewd judge of people and human nature so that he may quickly and ac-

curately differentiate between truth and trumpery.

How do *you* go about utilizing this service? To begin suit, you need only tell your story to the chief clerk. He, and sometimes even the judge, will assist in details, writing them in simple, non-technical language. You sign an affidavit. A hearing date is set. Your opponent is notified. You both appear in court, literally "tell it to the judge," and that's it.

Expenses to the litigant are virtually non-existent. In the District of Columbia, for example, there is no charge whatever if payment would cause hardship. Most states have \$1 filing fees. For ordinary cases, New York charges \$1.25. For wage claims you pay only the cost of mailing a summons.

Registered letters, costing 27 cents, usually are sent; sometimes ordinary three-cent letters. Paring costs to the bone all the way down the line, these courts have decided that a United States postman is just as reliable as any professional process server, messenger, constable

or marshal. If you win your case all fees are returned — tacked onto your judgement.

THOUGH shorn of all the fol-de-rol of other courts of law, any decision handed down by these courts must be obeyed. Should a decision be ignored, the challenger is warned. Continued defiance lands him in jail. Released, he finds the decision still holds. The warning-jailing process is repeated until the decision is obeyed.

No law courts anywhere in the world are easier on nerve and pocketbook than these, and thousands bless the day they first learned of them. Yet there are still thousands not aware of the easy accessibility of these unique courts.

So next time you have difficulty collecting payment for services rendered or property damaged, don't just mutter, "It's not worth the time and trouble," and just chalk it up to experience. Demand what is rightfully yours and if your claim is valid, the Small Claims Courts will see that you get it!

When Grant Wood painted scenes of his native Iowa, he would usually take artistic license painting the villages and fields the way he wished they looked, rather than as they were. Once, when he got through painting a neighbor's farm, having again improved something here and there, he showed the finished product to the farmer, who looked at it and remarked:

"Yep, looks just like it and thanks for cutting the weeds."

"EAST *versus* WEST" ✓

is

DOUBLE TALK

by

O. K. and Marjorie Armstrong

PROBABLY no expression in wide use today is more inaccurate and unfair than "East versus West," with reference to the struggle between the leaders of Communism and the peoples of the free world.

"The discussion for next Tuesday will be 'The Rivalry Between Western and Eastern Worlds'," announces the bulletin of a women's club. "East-West Division Splits U.N. Again," says a headline. And a news dispatch declares that a noted professor thinks everybody should seek to compromise "the differences between the peoples of the capitalist West and the socialist East."

Too bad that professor was not in Hiroshima, Japan, on last August 6, the tenth anniversary of the dropping of the first atomic bomb in war. He would have seen a determined man, Hiroshima's Mayor Tadao Watanabe, resisting every effort of

the Japanese Communists to turn a solemn memorial service into a Red field day. The Communists used the occasion to stage a "World Conference Against Atomic Bombs." Mayor Watanabe refused permission for them to speak at the ceremony, held in a park which now marks the center of the atomic explosion.

"We Japanese are not fooled by the peace talk of the Reds," His Honor told us that evening, as we sat with him at dinner. "We hope there will never be another war, but we know that peace means more than merely outlawing atomic bombs." Then with the sad expression of a man who has seen the suffering which nuclear war brought to his city and would bring to millions in any future war, he said:

"Peace is like a table with four legs. They are liberty, justice, security and brotherhood. Knock

down any one of those legs, and the table falls. Yet Communism denies all four!"

Certainly Japan is in the "Far East." Its leaders are feeling the pressure of Communism. The Reds have a strong grip on the labor unions. Yet the vast majority of Japanese are strongly anti-Communist. Defeated in war, they are determined to be for all future time a peaceful but free country.

Our trip took us from Japan and Korea southward to Formosa and to the areas of Southeast Asia. From officials, from leaders in the fields of religion, education, business and labor, we heard the cry: "Help us to stay free! We want no part of Communism!"

IN WAR-TORN Viet Nam we rode in ambulances with volunteer Philippine doctors and nurses who were setting up health clinics and distributing medicines among the refugees and poverty-stricken people of that area of French Indo-China. It's all a part of a heart-warming crusade against disease, called "Operation Brotherhood," sponsored by the Philippine Junior Chamber of Commerce.

"We are Asians helping our fellow Asians in need," explained Dr. Espiridion Alvarez of Manila, who serves as chief of one of the medical teams. "It is one answer to the Red propaganda which says that only Communists can solve the problems of underprivileged people."

The more we saw of the struggle of Asian citizens to remain free from the shackles of Red rule, the more ashamed we became of the handy, glib expression "East versus West"—or the other way around. Since it implies that the "West" is an area of democratic nations and the "East" is the dark region of Communism, it is grossly biased.

The expression is inaccurate because it indicates that the Communist world lies "East." East of what? True, Soviet Russia, seat of Communist power, lies east of western Europe. And China, now under Red rule, lies still farther east, with the areas of the Pacific Coast the "Far East" in the thinking of Europeans.

"But you people of the American continents are East to us!" declared General J. L. Huang, as we were discussing this matter in the Nationalist government's guest house in Taipei. "Here in Formosa, as in China before we lost our freedom, we think of Russian Communism as the *western menace!*"

To characterize the struggle between free nations and Communist nations as West against the East is to ignore the fact that the largest political party in France today is the Communist and that the Reds hold the balance of power in Italy. The expression is a relic of the delusion that western Europe is the center of the universe and all other peoples are off toward the periphery.

Certainly, no one would deny that the countries of western Europe, from Italy, Germany and Scandinavia to the British Isles, produced a culture that spread to the Americas, bringing forth its heritage of human liberties, parliamentary governments, equal justice under law and industrial growth. It is also true that nations to the east of Europe and to the Pacific shores have not generally had such great advantages of self-government, universal education and abundant production. But everywhere today there is the burning desire in the hearts and souls of men to be free and to live their lives in peace.

Nothing could be more inaccurate than to imply that the peoples of the world are divided into two ideological and political camps *because of geography*. Nothing could be more unfair than to infer that those now behind the iron or bamboo curtains are lined up with their Communist masters against the "western world."

The truth is that not a single nation now under the control of Communism got that way by the free consent of the people.

Not even the Russians! Barely had they established parliamentary self-government, following the downfall of the Czarist regime in 1917, when the Bolsheviks took over — by force of arms. No historian can doubt that had a free government taken root instead of the ruthless, atheistic Marxist sys-

tem, Russia would today be a land of prosperous, peaceful citizens. It took bloody purges and programs of starvation that cost the lives of millions of men, women and children to overcome the resistance of the Russian peoples.

Dr. Arch Campbell, who spent 33 years as a Presbyterian missionary in North Korea, told us in Seoul: "People sometimes ask me 'How does it happen North Korea is Communist and South Korea anti-Communist?' They forget that Korea was divided by a tragic agreement of the United States, and not by the Korean people. North Koreans were — and still are — fiercely anti-Communist."

Along with North Korea, Manchuria was handed over to the Soviets for "occupation." China was won by subversion, promises of rice and land, and Red military victory. Northern Viet Nam was given up to the Communist puppet, Ho Chih Minh, by the 1954 Geneva agreement.

IN A SIMILAR WAY the nations of Eastern Europe were enslaved — not because they favored Communism but because of fantastic postwar decisions. East Germany was placed under the Soviets by a misguided policy, and is no more Communist than West Germany. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and all other "satellite" nations were likewise gobbled up by subversion plus ruthless force.

The Communist conspiracy is worldwide, and geography has little to do with it. Infiltration into the government of Guatemala in the American hemisphere followed the same pattern as the subversion used in Czechoslovakia in Europe or China in Asia.

Actually, the Communist "world" is a small clique of ruthless fanatics, dedicated to the destruction of parliamentary governments and of free enterprise everywhere and the substitution of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" throughout the globe — east, west, north, and south. About a dozen cunning but often befuddled men in Moscow, controlling two million Communist party members in Russia and perhaps a million other faithful satraps in the Red network of other lands, hold around 850,000,000 people in subjection.

It is not a "Communist world" at all, but an international concentration camp, pressing its victims into the mold of goose-stepping conformity.

How opposed the peoples of the areas of the "East" are to this monolithic system with its subversion, false propaganda and aggression was proved at the Bandung Conference in April, 1954, when officials from 29 countries of Asia and Africa met to discuss their common problems. All the efforts of Chou En-lai, prime minister of Red China, to snare the delegates into expressions of support for Communism fell flat.

Time and again, leaders from such "eastern" nations as the Philippines, Thailand, Ceylon, Pakistan, Turkey and Iran rose to indict the Communists and to defend the ideals and practices of regimes that govern by the consent of the governed.

Wherever we went in the Orient, we heard, saw, and felt how unfair it is to use the expression "East" to describe the orbit of Communist ideology. We sat with Korea's rugged old President Syngman Rhee, the living symbol of opposition to Communism and all its cruel aggressions. His voice shook with emotion and his eyes were misty with tears as he said:

"Surely the people of any free country can understand my ambition to see Korea an independent and united country. Washington led your fight for independence. Lincoln kept your country united. And wasn't that man a patriot who said, 'As for me, give me liberty, or give me death'?"

As guests of President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek for one week in Taipeh, we had several opportunities to discuss with them their hopes for a free China. Chiang, who has been fighting the Reds longer than any other living statesman, told us:

"So long as hope is kept alive that our 450,000,000 people may some day be free, there will never be 'two Chinas,' one Communist and

the other Nationalist. What matters most is for freedom-loving nations to remember that lasting peace cannot be established by rewarding aggressors who destroy the foundations of peace, and that the people in China will not always submit to the chains of Red control."

In Southern Viet Nam we found Ngo Dinh Diem, president of the newest republic on earth, busy traveling among the people, wiping out the pockets of Communist dissidents, laying plans for a constitutional convention, trying to overcome in a short time the effects of 80 years of colonial exploitation. Perhaps no political leader in Asia today is more strongly anti-Communist or more dedicated to the ideals of democratic government.

"On loan" from President Mag-saysay of the Philippines as an adviser to President Diem was the noted attorney, John C. Orendain of Manila, an authority on constitutional law. "Soon the whole world will see the contrast between Viet Nam and Communist Viet Minh of the north," Mr. Orendain told us. "We people of the Philippines are proud to help our neighbors become bulwarks in the defense of the free world against further Communist aggression."

Throughout entire eastern Asia, and especially Korea, Formosa, Hong Kong and Viet Nam, around ten million refugees are constant testimony to the hatred with which the peoples of that region view

Communist oppression. In Seoul, we saw the squalid quarters of North Koreans who will never go back until their homeland is free and united. In Hong Kong, in a school on the edge of the village of huts built for thousands of refugees from China, we talked to a man serving as janitor. He holds degrees comparable to Ph.D. and before escaping from Red rule was a professor of science. "Freedom in poverty is better than fat existence in slavery," he said.

Near Saigon, in the huge "village" housing 120,000 refugees from North Viet Nam, we found Father Luong Tri-thuc, one of the Catholic priests who led his parishioners almost in a body out of Ho Chih Minh's clutches in the historic flight of the summer of 1954. He called in eight other priests ministering to the refugees in their bamboo chapels, and they told of the persecution of their brothers left behind; how they are forced to study and teach Communist doctrine.

"The Communists tried to terrify us and our people into doing their will," he said. "They think they are on top now. But they do not reckon with the strength that comes with religious faith!"

SINCE the phrase "East versus West" is grossly inaccurate and unjust, let us abandon it. Let us rob the Reds of the propaganda value of being recognized as splitting the world into two hostile camps. Let

them be branded for what they are—a small clique wielding enormous power but only through regimes sustained by terror and force.

We propose that for the usual expression “western world” there be substituted “free world” or “free nations,” thus embracing the anti-Communist peoples in all areas of the globe. Let it be “free world versus the Communist clique,” or “free governments against the Communist regimes.”

MRS. Alfred D. Sieminski, Polish-born wife of the Congressman from New Jersey, who was elected in 1950 while a soldier in Korea, adds this suggestion that we all would do well to heed: “While we are at it, let us abandon the expression ‘satellite countries.’ The people of my first homeland are not *satellites* of Communism; they are *captives*. And the captive nations are filled with people who are silent but staunch allies of the Free.”

Ask a Silly Question . . .

Ron Cochran, CBS newsman, tells about the Maine farmer who had a talking pig. The farmer was one of those taciturn men who kept his own counsel and nobody would ever have known about the remarkable animal if a visiting Bostonian hadn't discovered the fact. When he did, he shot a stream of excited questions at the farmer. “How long have you had this pig?” The farmer answered “Two years.” The Bostonian's eyes popped. “How long has the pig been talking?” The farmer answered “Two years.” “Great Heavens, man!” the Bostonian exclaimed. “Why have you never told anyone about this?” The farmer sighed and answered: “Well, I thought he'd outgrow it.”

A woman from the hill country appeared before the local judge complaining that her husband had made a murderous attack on her with a large pair of scissors.

“Jedge,” she cried, “that man rushed at me and slashed my face to ribbons.”

The judge looked at her face, on which appeared not the slightest mark of conflict.

“When did you say this happened?” he inquired.

“Only last night, Jedge.”

“Only last night?” asked the puzzled judge. “But I don't see any marks on your face.”

“Marks!” roared the woman. “What do I care about marks. I've got witnesses!”

— *American Legion Magazine*

Suckers for Royalty



by Jesse C. Burt

UNTIL January, 1956, the vast majority of Americans thought that Rainier was merely the name of a mountain in the state of Washington. Now, however, unless you've been in Tibet the past few months, you must know by heart the stale, threadbare Cinderella platitudes that have been washing over the American public about Rainer and Grace Kelly. After all, he's a *prince*, as one Hollywood commentator gushed in her hog-calling accents.

Another commentator went so far as to compare the Kelly-Rainier nuptials to the marriage of the present queen of England. The whole affair, as must be depressingly obvious, has been more widely publicized than the Chicago fire and the San Francisco earthquake put together.

What you have here is just another example of a peculiarity on the part of the American public.

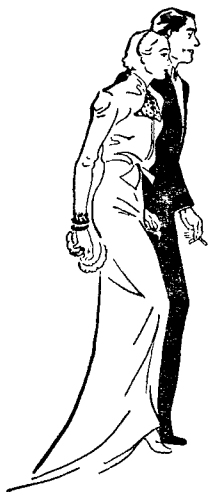
Americans are rubes, hicks, patsies, suckers for royalty and its trappings of titles and privileges which are inherited rather than earned.

I call on the highest conceivable authority, Miss Elsa Maxwell, veteran scribe of the international set, to testify. She says, "Americans were, and still are, the world's biggest snobs, of course. We always have made a bigger fuss over royalty and rank than Europeans. The coronation of Queen Elizabeth in 1953 caused more of a stir in the United States than it did in England."

Added testimony comes from Iles Brody, author of the brilliant book, *Gone With the Windsors*. Brody notes that the Windsors, in New York, get more flattery and recognition than they possibly could in England. He also notes that a lot of the gawking, genuflecting, and grinning comes from American women.

Brody says thoughtfully, "This strange idolatry, this pirouetting mania of well-bred or less well-bred women is the most curious phenomenon in the history of a country based on equality."

Royalty is big business in the United States. Nowhere in the world is there as much free-loading available for obscure titles. It is typical of the popular trend that there is an organization called Royalty, Inc., in Miami, that will furnish you with a real count or countess,



for your dinner party. And look at all the books that are being published by the nobility for the American market, such as the forthcoming memoirs by the Duchess of Windsor. It's reliably reported that her husband got a cool million for *his* memoirs. This figures out to better than three dollars a word.

Back in June, 1939, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England came to the United States for the first visit ever made by a ruling couple of Great Britain. A few rude voices pointed out that the Congress was locked in a bitter, point-of-no-return debate over neutrality. But most people said, why that was a mere coincidence.

The King and Queen visited Niagara Falls and millions of Americans thought it was so sweet of them — just like honeymooners. Then they went to the White House for two fabulous days. Next came New York City, where four million turned out, and then two days with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park.

If the King and Queen had brought along a few mirrors, beads and trinkets, they could have traded with the natives and got back the original thirteen colonies without a bit of trouble.

Although the Great Debate that was raging in Congress at the same time directly concerned billions and billions of dollars, and many thousands of lives, as well as every living American, the biggest thing on the front pages was the visit of the king and queen.

BUT THERE was one voice of dissent. One Congressman pointed out there was work to be done. Congressman Joseph W. Byrnes, Jr., elected from Middle Tennessee, finally attended the Congressional reception for the king and queen —

after he'd learned that a business suit would be proper.

On June 10, 1939, the Nashville *Tennessean* quoted Congressman Byrnes as having said of the king and queen: "What a couple of flat tires they turned out to be."

There was a notable stir in Nashville, where many felt that the Congressman was out of order. The *Tennessean* trumpeted, "We apologize to the nation." It went on to say something about the "flat tire" statement as having originated in the "atavistic impulses of an exaggerated ego."

But on June 13, 1939, Byrnes denied the whole thing, saying: "I positively did not make this statement or any one similar at any time." The Washington correspondent of the *Tennessean* countered with the assertion that Byrnes did make the statement.

Professor Herbert Sanborn, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, was one of those who thought that Byrnes should not be roasted over the editorial coals for bad taste. The professor pointed out that the real purpose of the royal visit was to "involve us immediately in another free gift of money and gold star men."

A reader sounded off in a letter to the *Tennessean*: "Joe Byrnes was elected to Congress by the working people of this district and the workers who flocked to his support are not accustomed to bowing and scraping to royalty."

The *Tennessean* was published by Silliman Evans, as able as he was stubborn, and a friend and protege of Amon Carter. For seventeen months the paper gave Byrnes no peace, especially about the flat tire business. On the eve of the congressional election, October 29, 1940, the *Tennessean* editorialized at some length about Byrnes' "nasty little epithet" for the royal couple.

Byrnes lost his seat in a peculiar, unprecedented election. Although he had been nominated by the Democratic party, usually the equivalent of election in that section of Tennessee, he lost. This was the first time a Democrat in the state had had this experience.

There are many observers in Nashville who still believe that the big reason for Byrnes' overthrow was the nasty little epithet that was attributed to him, and which stuck, despite his denial. If this belief is true, here is an unusual example of the peculiar hold that royalty has over the American public.

ROYALTY in the world today is in bad shape, and the condition is not likely to improve. The only countries in Europe that have royalty are England, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Denmark — and tiny Monaco, which is not quite the size of Central Park.

What becomes of royalty? Well,

they wear the titles all their lives. Often, as Elsa Maxwell says in her autobiography, *R. S. V. P.*, they swap the title for a marriage to an American heir or heiress. It gets to be a business, ticking off to Palm Beach, being somebody's house guest, or writing your memoirs for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As nobility knows, Americans are suckers for royalty!

In times like these, it is not an atavistic impulse to want to go back and search through American history, finding out just what our heritage is.

Nor is it a matter of exaggerated national ego to want to see just what the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, has to say on the matter of titles, which after all is a special and significant part of the aura of royalty.

To start our brief excursion through history, in the first and second terms of George Washington, there was a pretty definite attempt by certain Congressional leaders to make the first president a constitutional monarch.

Fortunately, the president remembered that the American Revolution had been in part a struggle for liberty against the from-on-high edicts of a stupid king. A Boston paper rejoiced that Washington didn't lose his head for a crown, saying vividly, "Our beloved President stands unmoved in the vortex of folly and dissipation which the city of New York represents."

WHEN Thomas Jefferson became president in 1800 he proceeded to bury the idea of titles and special privileges forever, he thought. He was the first president to be inaugurated in Washington City. Rather than being drawn to the inauguration in a carriage pulled by six white horses, he walked through the mud from his boarding house. He did away with the pomp and ceremony that had been attached to the swearing-in and which made it look like a poor man's British coronation.

In his gentle way, the lanky Virginian did away with the Order of Precedence at Washington. You weren't seated according to the order of your title, but as you came.

People were bothered about what to call the President of the United States. Should he be, "His elected Excellency?" No, Jefferson let it be known. Mister President would be just fine.

Jefferson had been one of those who had helped write the Declaration of Independence, had taken keen interest in the formation of the Constitution. One of his contributions was to draw attention to Sections 9 and 10 of Article I of the Constitution.

These sections are still in force.

According to them, neither Congress or the states can give a title of nobility to anybody. No person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States can accept any present, emolument, office or

title of any kind whatever from any king, prince or foreign state.

That is the law of the land.

Alexander Hamilton did not like Jefferson, either politically or personally. But he felt that Sections 9 and 10 of Article I were at the "cornerstone" of our type of society — where all are equal, regardless of race, creed, or social standing.

Many will remember Huey Long's cry, "Every man a king," and how

millions believed they could get something from the government. The secret appeal of royalty was touched upon by the uncanny Huey Long. The hidden truth is, royalty confirms the delusion that "I can get something for nothing." Plainly put, royalty stands for rich eating, good clothes, a big time and privilege — without straining your back. So, it simply proves to millions of suckers their fondest dream of something for nothing.



Judge and Jury

Beverly Brown and John Gonzales asked Judge Don Tidrick of Des Moines to marry them because "you treated us so nice on traffic tickets."

Judge J. Fred Bibb of Knoxville announced that he would hear no more criminal cases during the Christmas season. "Jurors are full of the Christmas spirit," he stated, "and are inclined to be lenient."

"Hot" Dogs

A Philadelphia citizen was put in jail for 60 days for listing a dog as a dependent on his income tax returns.

A news release from the Air Force described an addition to its arsenal as "the biological counterpart to the physicists' atom bomb, with built-in radar and sound detection apparatus." It was referring to a German police dog.
— *Harold Helfer*

ALLENTOWN'S

Super Store

by Spencer Miller, Jr. and Elizabeth G. Hayward

"IT PAYS to advertise" has become the practice of the market place. A recent survey disclosed that annual expenditures for advertising in the United States are at the rate of \$197 per capita, whereas the per capita expenditure for public education is \$152. No nation spends as much on advertising as does the United States — nor do the merchants and businessmen of any other country do as much to stimulate consumer demand for goods and services.

In a recent issue of *The Wall Street Journal*, it was stated that "no one is more responsive to advertising than the man who is getting ahead in business." Max Hess, president of Hess Brothers, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, epitomizes the truth of this statement. He is convinced that advertising is the core of successful merchandising. The store spends more than \$750,000 a year on advertising alone — and the amount is virtually unlimited.

Merchandising is instinctive with Max Hess — an ability undoubtedly inherited from his father and uncle

who gave Allentown its newest department store, in 1897. He likes to recall that he spent many childhood hours playing among the counters of Hess Brothers and so grew up in the store. Although only eleven when his father died, Max still remembers his teachings, and carries on many of the practices established by the elder Hess.

But the phenomenal growth of the business since young Max took it over is due to his own outstanding ability as a retail merchant. Like his father and uncle before him, Hess is a pioneer.

In 1877, Max Hess, Sr., then 14 years old, came to this country to join his brother, Charles, who had emigrated to the United States several years earlier from Germany. Max's first job was as an errand boy in a Newark store. After about a year, he found work in New York, where he lived at the home of his only sister and her husband, who had followed the boys to America.

After several years, Max returned to Newark and eventually became the head of a department in the same

store where his brother Charles had been advancing rapidly. When Meyer Brothers of New Brunswick offered the managership of their store to Charles, Max became a department manager. The brothers stayed with Meyer for eight years, during which they developed and built up the business substantially. Meanwhile, they gained valuable experience and managed to save enough money to open a store of their own.

This they did in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in 1889. The business prospered but the brothers became concerned with the fact that Perth Amboy was a single industry town, and began to search for a growing community in a diversified industrial area.

Max and Charles decided to move to Allentown in the Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania. It was an act of faith, buttressed by the knowledge that a sound agriculture was basic to a sound economy. The Lehigh Valley was not only rich agriculturally, but coal mines and steel mills were already in operation there.

THE BROTHERS planned better than they knew. Today, Lehigh County contains upward of 60 percent of all the Portland cement companies in America; it supplies at least 25 percent of all the cement manufactured in the United States. Bethlehem Steel Company, at nearby Bethlehem, employs 26,000 workers. Within Allentown proper there are no less than 22 diversified

industries, including Western Electric, Mack Motors, General Electric, Air Products, and Willard Batteries. In addition, there are countless small but productive textile shops — both wool and silk — that constitute nearly half of the work force of 56,000 in Allentown.

In 1897, Max and Charles Hess opened Allentown's first department store in two rooms on the main floor of the old Grand Central Hotel. By the mid-Twenties, the enterprise was doing a \$5 million business. After the death of Max Hess in 1922, followed three years later by Charles Hess, the company saw one of its few periods of financial stress, because of the loss of its two pioneer leaders.

When young Hess entered the store in 1932, he took over a virtually bankrupt establishment. In less than a generation this resourceful son of the co-founder transformed a business with annual sales of less than a million into one grossing about \$22 million a year.

The area from which Hess Brothers draws its customers covers a fifty-mile radius around Allentown, with a population of about half a million. Hess Brothers is primarily a promotion store — every effort is made to attract customers in volume. Its Silver Club Plan, for example, is widely recognized by retailers as a clever innovation. The idea of promoting silver as an installment-plan purchase was accepted by the public immediately and proved a bonanza.

A large section of the main floor is now devoted to the display of silverware, which the store stocks some 200 patterns of flat silver. Gradually the Silver Club Plan has been extended to other merchandise.

To introduce the Silver Club Plan, a full-page ad was run in the Sunday edition of a large Philadelphia paper. In the first week, \$30,000 worth of sales were rung up from the mail-order blank alone. This ad hit the fringe area which the store had been trying to reach, and proved conclusively that it paid to advertise in the large urban papers nearest to Allentown. Orders came from points as distant as Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and Trenton, New Jersey.

Another example of aggressive merchandising was the Christmas promotion of a plastic ice skater called "Holly Boy," at \$12.95. Sales were phenomenal. This and similar advertising activities helped lift 1955 Christmas sales 23% above those of the previous year.

THE STORE has no rigid advertising budget — each proposed expenditure is considered on its own merit. Buyers and co-workers alike are encouraged to suggest items for special promotion, and there is considerable rivalry among departments for the available advertising space. For the past seven years, Hess Brothers has conducted Sweepstakes for buyers whose departments show the best results from item promotions.

Sweepstake items fall into four groups, *i.e.*, those selling for \$2 or less; those priced from \$2 to \$5; items from \$5 to \$10, and those over \$10. Each month the winning buyers are presented with a \$50 Savings Bond and a cup, while each co-worker in the winning departments receives a bonus of five dollars.

Other merchandise promotions are carried on continuously throughout the store. Hess puts on some 400 fashion shows each year — for women's clubs, charitable organizations, in private homes for special projects, and last year for the first time a show was presented on one of the crack trains to New York. Fashion shows are also given in the store's Patio Restaurant for Thursday evening shoppers, and during the lunch hour.

A standard show lasts about forty minutes and uses four models. It is designed to make the woman customer fashion conscious and bring the new styles to her door. Emphasis is on what to look for in color, line, cut and fabric.

Hess sends his apparel buyers on frequent trips to Europe to learn the new trends at first hand. They are encouraged to bring back designer clothes, beautiful fabrics, and the like. Because the use for such merchandise in Allentown is somewhat limited, its primary purpose is to create demand among the store's customers. For instance, the most expensive fur coat on the floor is marked to sell for \$8,000. If a customer cannot find exactly what she

wants from stock, the store's fur buyer will accompany her to the wholesale houses in New York and help her make a selection. Such things are part of the customer service stressed by the store.

Last year, Hess sponsored a 25-word contest on "Why a Woman Would Like to Go to Paris, Rome and Florence." The winner, accompanied by several of the staff, was flown to those cities, where she attended the fashion shows of important designers in each city.

Hess is acutely conscious that women do about 95% of all family shopping and has instituted a chatty newspaper column written especially for them. "Hess Scripts" is published twice a week in three papers in Allentown and Bethlehem with a circulation of 130,000.

ANOTHER SERVICE to customers and the community as a whole is the store's Patio Restaurant, featuring giant menus for grownups and a small edition for the youngsters. Enormous ice cream snowmen and hot dishes brought to the table on miniature stoves are especially popular with the children. It is not uncommon to see whole families enjoying dinner in the Patio on Thursday shopping nights — all within the purse of Mr. Average Citizen. Store officials feel that the \$20,000 cash loss on the restaurant absorbed each year is more than made up in community goodwill.

Hess does about \$10 million a year

of business on credit, including installment buying, charge accounts and Continuous Budget accounts. Allentown retailers say Hess gets about 50 percent of the department store business in Allentown, and that eleven cents of every dollar spent in the community is spent at Hess Brothers. Credit losses are well below the national average.

The store's Continuous Budget Account is used to finance purchases in amounts of \$20 or more. A credit interviewer sits down with the customer and together they work out the amount he can pay each month on budget-account purchases. The store then helps the customer to keep within this limit by calling him if additional purchases place his installment payments beyond the predetermined amount. As items are paid off, the customer may add other merchandise to his budget account, so long as new purchases do not place the account in a higher monthly payment bracket.

And what of the human side of this family enterprise? Many of the paternal customs associated with small establishments are still evident. Birthdays continue to be celebrated with a box of candy and a half day off — new trainees are guided by co-workers and given a sense of "belonging." There is a Welfare Association and a pension fund.

Hess today employs 1,200. He calls many of them by name as he makes his frequent rounds through the store each day. Hess is ever on

the alert for new talent to train for executive positions. Much of this he does himself by working right along with the person being trained, until merchandising becomes second-nature and the new executive is ready to assume his larger responsibilities.

Hess Brothers has no mandatory retirement age but an employee is eligible for a pension after 25 years' service. That many choose to work as long as they are able is attested by those of advanced years who are on the job today. Of the 500 persons employed a quarter of a century ago, 100 are still on the payroll.

Hess also has a unique gift for making a person realize his potential ability — some talent either dormant or undiscovered. He sets the sights high — but not out of reach — and fully expects them to be attained. Many of his employees are grateful for the opportunity given them to make a career in merchandising; this is expressed in strong loyalty and mutual trust.

But this saga of a typical American department store is more than a story of two sagacious merchants or of an energetic and imaginative young president. It is rather the story of a local institution which has served the community well and has merited its support. It is, in a word,

an eloquent demonstration of what the willing cooperation of a free people can achieve in a free market.

VIEWED from any angle the success of Hess Brothers store is a three-dimensional achievement. It has brought expanding production to producers, expanding outlets for distributors, and increased goods and services to consumers. If viewed from the standpoint of its employees — to many local citizens it has given steady employment; to young employees in the store Hess has given the opportunity for growth and creative development; to the aged in its employ it has given the assurance of work based on ability, and a pension when they can no longer work.

What of the future? Will Hess Brothers respond to the current trend toward decentralization, or will they attempt to attract an increasingly larger number of consumers to their doors? Without attempting to prophesy, we venture the belief that Hess Brothers will continue its present course. Of the store's future, there appear no limits save those of the imagination of Max Hess and the group of able young associates he has gathered about him.

While in bed, a 75-year-old woman in Scandanavia set her nightcap on fire when she tried to light her pipe with a candle. Prospective tourists should be warned of the danger in holding a flame too close to those Scandinavian liquors.



WOMEN ARE INVENTORS, TOO

by
Joe Giovanni

exposed, and the pleasing sight caused her to wonder why ladies' gloves didn't have suitable openings for rings.

The idea stayed with Miss Lazar and she went to work on the torn glove. She made slits, like button-holes, in each of the four fingers, and then crocheted elastic thread around the slits so that they would stay closed without a ring. The result of her work was a perfect solution for a very old problem, and yet so simple as to make it seem almost incredible that no one had ever found this solution before. Miss Lazar patented her invention and soon was receiving offers for its use.

MOST PEOPLE believe that invention is strictly a male field. This is a misconception. While it is true that the major inventions have been fathered by men, it is also true that some inventions have been mothered by women.

Take Miss Tina Lazar, for instance. For hundreds of years ladies were annoyed by the unsightly bulges rings made in their gloves, not to mention the tears in the material. But no one did anything about this problem until one day not too long ago when Miss Lazar saw with great irritation that her ring was shining through a rip in her glove. In spite of the irritation, Miss Lazar also noticed that the effect was beautiful. She enlarged the tear so that the whole stone was

Then there's Miss Elvy Kalep, inventor of the blank-faced doll called Scribbler. This doll has a plastic head on which a child or grownup can at any time make a new face with crayon that is easily erased with tissue. The doll is sold with a variety of costumes, so that its entire appearance can be changed from time to time. Little girls are fascinated by this doll of many faces. And parents are perhaps even more pleased with it, because their

little darlings develop long-lasting affection for Scribbler, and don't clamor for new dolls.

Inventions such as the two cited above, incidentally, are representative of the sort of idea the average inventor is constantly looking for — a simple device or switch that will satisfy a broad need.

Here is an example of an invention that resulted from a soaking. Jane Burgess got rain-soaked one day while out shopping with her husband, in Gary, Indiana. Jane must have been soaked many times before without ever profiting from it. This time, however, the misadventure inspired a fortunate question: Why the dickens didn't someone invent inexpensive umbrellas, say, of paper, that you could buy in public places, use once and throw away? Her husband thought this an excellent idea and decided to work on it. A year later they had completed the Papersol — a pleated, water-resisting, neatly-packed paper umbrella, with a 19-inch wooden handle. The paper, when unfolded into an adequate circle, has a metal holder in the center for the insertion of the handle. Jane Burgess, of course, didn't do all this alone. However,

there's no denying that she is a woman inventor.

Miss Penny Pendleton, of St. Louis, Missouri, invented a spectacles holder for just her own convenience. She was pleasantly surprised when friends considered it wonderful and begged her to make some for them. The holder is a piece of ribbon or chain that goes around the back of the neck and has elastic end-sockets that firmly hold the bows of the spectacles. When the user wants to remove his glasses, he can keep them dangling handily in front of him. Miss Pendleton wisely patented her clever invention, set up a business, and in less than a year, more than one million persons were using her invention.

YOU DON'T have to be a genius to be an inventor. Invention is not necessarily a matter of conceiving a wholly new device or system; far more often than not, invention is the devising of a new twist or switch that improves something already in use, or that at least changes it to make it more appealing to a large number of people. And the ladies have proven their talents in this fascinating and lucrative field.

A little boy who went to the ballet for the first time with his father watched the girls dancing around on their toes for a while, then asked, "Why don't they just get taller girls?" — *Galen Drake*.



Colonel Nasser Master of Egypt

by Henry C. Atyeo

ACROSS the airways from every radio tuned in to hear the news of victory, there rang out the crackling of a gun which stopped the voice of the speaker, Lieut. Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser, Premier of Egypt. A fusillade of eight shots were fired that balmy night of October 26, 1954, while Colonel Nasser was speaking from a third floor balcony overlooking Republic Square in Alexandria, into which were jammed thousands in addition to the millions who were listening to the state radio broadcast. The occasion was the finale of a week's celebration marking the signing of of an agreement by which the British were to leave the Suez Canal Zone, which they had occupied since 1882.

At the opening of his address at 7:30 P.M., Colonel Nasser had reminded his listeners that he knew

Republic Square well, for it was there that he, as a schoolboy of 12, first heard gunfire when he saw British soldiers fire into a group of demonstrators against foreign occupation. Scarcely had he recounted his early experiences when the shots, going wild, shattered the glass lamp above him, the falling shards wounding the Sudanese Minister and an Egyptian lawyer seated nearby.

Colonel Nasser remained unscathed. At the first report of the gun, the human mass below Nasser turned toward the vortex of the confusion — the would-be assassin, a 32-year-old tinsmith from Cairo, Mohammed Abdul Latif. The crowd would have pounded him to death had not police intervened. The badly pummeled Latif was dragged off to prison, where he confessed, under police "persuasion," that he, as a member of the Moslem Brother-

hood, had been picked two months earlier to assassinate Nasser.

Amid the bedlam of the Square, Nasser grabbed the microphone and assured the people: "I am still alive. I consecrate my blood to my country. . . . You are all Gamel Abdel Nassers. They have tried to kill me, but I am still alive and I will continue my struggle."

The next day, when Nasser returned by train to Cairo, he was met by a vast throng chanting, "*Ascha Gamal!*" (Long live Gamal!) and "Long live the bloodless revolution!" The city, bedecked with flags and aglow with lights, was still in the carnival mood and honored their returning triumphal hero by a hilarious celebration. "The eight wild shots," commented *Time*, "had served him well."

Facing gunfire in Alexandria was not the first time that Nasser, a strong, handsome 200-pound soldier, had met danger. He was born in Alexandria in 1918, the son of a postal clerk, and was educated in the school of rugged experience. His love of adventure and interest in politics impelled him to participate in street parades and student riots, both to the annoyance of the police who arrested him, the concern of school authorities who expelled him, and the worry of his father who warned him, "You'll ruin your life, playing politics."

At sixteen he began to learn the ways of the revolutionists from members of *Masri el Fatat* (Young

Italy), whom he met while serving a jail term for defying the police in a street demonstration. In spite of his escapades he finished the Renaissance Secondary School and was privileged to enter the Royal Military Academy, from which he graduated as a second lieutenant at the age of twenty.

During World War II, when Rommel was only 40 miles from Cairo, Nasser saw the weakness of the government revealed when Farouk surrendered passively to an allied Wafdist government under British control. Further injury to his pride was felt when the corruption of the army was unmasked in the signal defeat in 1949 of the Egyptian forces by the new Israeli army.

THE RUGGED, ruthless qualities of Nasser's character hardened under his growing hatred of the corrupt government of King Farouk, a "sphinxly puppet of the Nile," his xenophobic bitterness toward the British, and his utter disgust of his army superiors who showed little devotion to duty. Nasser, then and now, will not tolerate sham, and his deep devotion to the welfare of Egypt cannot be questioned.

The "working committee" through which Nasser sought to liberate the country was the Free Officers' Corps. Its immediate objective was to limit British control to the Suez Canal area; the ultimate goal was to change the central

government. The first aim was accomplished largely by the Liberation guerrillas, who brought gradual British withdrawal to the Suez bastion. By 1952, the Free Officers' Corps was ready for the second objective — liberation of Egypt from the inefficient Farouk government.

A plot was laid to kill Farouk and his stooges in the palace, but discovery of it by royal guards necessitated a quick change in plans. The night of decision was Tuesday, July 22, when Nasser mobilized the Corps for action against the government. Early in the morning the leader of the Corps, General Mohammed Naguib Bey, proclaimed himself commander-in-chief of the Army, sent tanks into Cairo and Alexandria, assumed control of government posts, and maintained a final calm before the storm.

On Friday morning, the 26th, troops advanced on the palace, overcame the guards, smashed into the throne room, demanded the King's abdication, and gave him six hours to leave Egypt. By noon, playboy Farouk sailed out of Cairo harbor in the royal yacht *Nahrussa*, leaving in control the military junta under the pipe-smoking Naguib and the new Premier, Aly Maher Pasha. "The vanguard performed its task," wrote Nasser, "and charged the battlements of tyranny."

The new junta faced the herculean task of (1) organizing an effective government, (2) arousing to a new

social and economic life a population completely apathetic, except for a few radicals who sought only their own selfish interests, and (3) reaching an agreement with the British over the Suez Canal Zone. For the next two years domestic affairs were largely handed by Naguib and his military; negotiations with the British were left to Nasser.

BY JUNE 1953, Egypt had been made a "republic" with Naguib as President; by January 1954, riots in Cairo and Alexandria and numerous clashes along the Suez warned both the British and Nasser that the slow negotiations over the Canal must be hurried up or widespread conflict might result. After two years and a half of what the London *Times* called "hard bargaining," Britain and Egypt signed, on October 19, 1954, an agreement for the withdrawal of British troops from the Canal within 20 months. Within the same week Colonel Nasser faced the assassin in Alexandria and the next day was proclaimed a hero in Cairo.

But all was not well within the government, for the circle of power was not large enough for both Naguib and Nasser. The breakup of the two men, which John Gunther in *Inside Africa* rightly calls "one of the saddest of contemporary political episodes," took place during the fall of 1954. It was Nasser who, after months of internecine political struggle, emerged the victor and,

on November 14th, became Premier and head of the Council of Revolutionary Command.

NOW THAT the 38-year-old Colonel Nasser is in full control of Egypt, at a time when the country is in a cross-roads conflict of the world, we ask with interest, "What manner of man is this? Is he pro-Western in interest? Will he become the leader of the Arab world? Can he take the nation which has slumbered for 5,000 years and revive it, transform it and make it strong?"

Although only time can give the ultimate answer to these questions, already much evidence is available to prove that Egypt, with a "role in search of a hero," may have found it already in Nasser. The country is passing, as Nasser points out, through two revolutions at the same time: (1) a political struggle against oppressive government and foreign domination, and (2) a social revolution within. Much has already been done to complete the first, for the old Farouk government has been destroyed and the British are completing their withdrawal. "One stage of our struggle has ended," said Nasser as he placed his signature on the Anglo-Egyptian agreement over the Suez. "Another is about to begin."

It is in the social revolution, to which Nasser is now devoting his amazing energies, that he may find his greatest test. The centuries-old unsolved problems of Egypt —

overpopulation, poverty, disease and illiteracy — are now being vigorously attacked. For instance, his agrarian land reform program consists of three steps: redistributing of land under cultivation, creating new farm land, and improving and diversifying agricultural production.

To decrease disease and illiteracy, the government has already initiated a program of social services and education. Social welfare units, consisting of a school, a health center and a social-agricultural extension program, are being established in rural areas. "We plan," said Nasser recently, "to build 4,000 new schools in the next ten years. Last year we completed 368." Some progress can be reported in the building of roads, the renovation of railroads and the establishment of new industries. A new refining plant for oil, which Nasser calls "the sinew of material civilization," has been built; recently constructed nitrate plants produce fertilizer; additional iron-smelting units and hydro-electric stations provide high quality steel and power.

MOST EXCITING of all in the blueprint is the projected plan to build the \$1,300,000,000 High Aswan Dam. For centuries men have dreamed of taming the Nile — one-half of the year a lazy, sluggish stream; the other half a pulsing, flooding river — and already several dams have been constructed which help flood waters and provide irriga-

tion for parched land. The new dam, 300 feet high, 2,000 feet thick at the base and 160 feet wide at the top, will create the largest man-made reservoir in the world — three times the size of Lake Mead at the Hoover Dam.

When the dam was found feasible by survey and engineering calculations, and a number of construction companies were ready to undertake the building, the question was: Where would Nasser get the money? Even this was not very difficult, for now that he has frightened the West more than a little with his \$80,000,000 cotton-for-weapons barter deal with Czechoslovakia (and thus Russia), the World Bank and the governments of the Western countries have shown considerable alacrity in making financial offers.

The World Bank quickly promised to loan \$200,000,000; the State Department recommended a long-term loan of \$20,000,000 a year for the next ten or more years, and Britain promised to help. Egypt is expected to invest around \$900,000,000 in local funds and materials. Russia, too, has offered to loan \$300,000,000 on very liberal terms.

The positive leadership of Nasser has been felt in international circles as well as in domestic reforms. Concurrently with his discussions with Britain over the Suez Canal went negotiations over the freedom of the Egyptian Sudan. He had hoped that the Sudanese would "want" to join Egypt, but when the Sudanese Par-

liament announced that the Sudan would become free and independent on January 1, 1956, Nasser hastened its entrance into the Arab League.

NASSER also concluded the Damascus Pact for defense with Syria in October, 1955, which guarantees that "in the event of sudden aggression against the frontiers or armed forces of one of the contracting parties, both states will take . . . military action to repel the aggression." Both Jordan and Lebanon are being urged to join the Pact to counterbalance the Baghdad Pact which, much to Nasser's disgust, includes Iraq, a member of Arab League.

The one spot where high-voltage tension continues to set off skirmishes is along the Israeli-Egyptian border. The fears of both nations have continued since 1949, when Israel, backed by Western powers (according to Nasser), was created at Arab expense. Recent clashes on both sides of the border gave Nasser reason — or excuse — for bargaining for arms with both the West and with the Czechs.

In addition to increasing the power of Egypt through alliances and military strength, Nasser hopes to become the spokesman for the Arab world. He envisions greater unity than has been achieved thus far because of national differences in the Arab states, and has frequently reminded the Egyptians that their future can be assured only as the

other Arab states are entirely free and powerful.

The fact of the recent Czech arms deal and the conclusion of trade treaties with Russian satellite countries — Hungary, Rumania and Communist China — raises the important question of the genuineness of Nasser's friendliness toward the West. He has been a clever bargainer on the world market, but there is no real evidence that he is more pro-Russian than pro-Western. He insists that he maintains "positive neutrality" but is "suspicious of all great powers" and wants no part in agreements which will again permit foreign control, either economic or political, of Egypt. It is said that Communist influence thrives best on chaos, and chaos is the last condition that Nasser wants in Egypt.

Perhaps, under Nasser, Egypt will go far as the social revolution progresses in gaining the respect of the world. The future may attest to the wisdom of Nasser in making reforms and in building the High Dam, his monument to posterity — even though he has bargained for it like a Yankee trader.

Egypt is better able to bridge the gap of the centuries under Nasser's control than are other Arab countries under less fortunate leadership.

Nasser must be accepted for what he has so far accomplished and for what he proposed to do. He gives the impression of deep sincerity and forthrightness; there is no reason to believe that he will not faithfully

fulfill his obligations. To be sure, he has used military means to maintain himself in power and to carry out his reforms; but it is doubtful if anyone could have succeeded in coming into power and in meeting the needs of the apathetic Egyptian people without military pressure.

NASSER's policies are not, in essence, inimical to the interests of the United States and the Western European nations. Nor is he, despite the clashes along the Gaza strip, strongly anti-Israeli. He has even expressed a secret pride and pleasure in the Israeli tenacity which challenged the West by his willingness to bargain with any country which will help him secure his aims. He will not submit to "entangling alliances"; and it must be understood that in any struggle he may be counted upon to be on the Arab side. He desperately wants to unite the Arab nations. "The Arab League," Nasser said triumphantly if somewhat prematurely, "is a reality."

To consolidate his gains, Colonel Nasser most needs time, peace, and experience. If granted a fair share of these, Nasser, both Premier and master of Egypt, will continue to be the successful guardian of the strategic Middle East against any power which may attempt to "move in and settle down." His even greater contribution may be that of taking a slumbering nation, awakening it to its pivotal position in Africa, and transforming it into a modern state.

by Joe Heaphy



Birthplace of **BROADWAY HITS**

EVERY YEAR, a dozen or more plays bound for Broadway open at New Haven, Connecticut, for a preview of audience reaction and to prepare for their encounters with the omnipotent New York first-nighters. "The big, black giant," as Oscar Hammerstein II colorfully characterized Broadway audiences, has a near-perfect scale model at New Haven and it's used as a pattern to tailor shows to fit New York tastes.

The "new" show that opens on Broadway is really about a month old and in much better condition than when it was truly new. Often, it differs greatly from its original form.

"Damn Yankees," the most successful of last year's musicals, was

extensively rewritten and five songs were changed between its New Haven and New York openings. The entire finale of "The Pajama Game" was changed, two songs were dropped and a large production number was moved from the second to the first act. Paul Hartman and Fifi D'Orsay were removed from their roles in "Seventh Heaven" after try-out audiences found them ill-suited for the parts. Ronald Dahl rewrote the third act of "The Honkeys" as a result of its pre-Broadway reception.

These plays moved on to varying degrees of success in New York; many never get past New Haven.

The accuracy of its theatergoers' judgment has made New Haven the foremost try-out city in the nation,

although it has only one legitimate house — the Shubert. Theatrical activity in the city has resulted in a cluster of show business institutions: the theater itself, the adjacent Hotel Taft and Kaysey's, a sort of suburban Sardi's across College Street from the hotel.

When a show moves into town, about a week before its premiere, the "try-out triangle" comes alive with color and excitement. The birth of a new play is not without labor and complications and a frenzied atmosphere develops.

THE PLAY, unstable in its newness, becomes even more so as last-minute changes are made. Rehearsals start at noon and continue until nearly midnight in the jaundiced glow of the work light on the Shubert's stage. Kaysey's looks like Homecoming Week at Bedlam as members of the show's company use it as a conference room and rehearsal hall, as well as a restaurant. Entire acts have been rewritten and countless songs composed overnight in the smoke-filled, Scotch-perfumed rooms of the Taft.

On the opening night of "Allegro," the first try-out of the 1947-48 season, Lisa Kirk stopped the show, literally, with *The Gentleman Is A Dope*. In the middle of the number she fell into the orchestra pit.

A couple of musicians boosted her back over the footlights and she continued, unabashed.

The premiere of Robert Morley's "Edward, My Son" was interrupted by a barn swallow that buzzed the stage, broke up a dramatic love scene and then swooped low over the audience.

"Wonderful Town" escaped the opening night jinx, but on the second day of its try-out in January of 1953 Rosalind Russell was stricken with laryngitis and, just before curtain time, her doctor refused to let her go on. There was no understudy for the leading role, so the performance was cancelled. A squad of police had to be called out to handle the crowd that formed on College Street as theatergoers arrived, learned of the cancellation and tried to exchange tickets for later performances.

A legend of the theater came into being the next day, when it became apparent the star would be out of the show for several days. Director George Abbott looked around for a replacement for the ailing Miss Russell. Patricia Wilkes, a chorus singer in the musical, had played leads before — in road companies and as a understudy — and she had sung the "Wonderful Town" score at backers' auditions. Abbott handed her a script.

Eight hours later, Patty Wilkes began a performance that drew the biggest ovation in the theater's history, with the audience standing on seats to demand curtain calls. Later, in Kaysey's, she was given a welcome surpassing even that for Mary Mar-

tin and Ezio Pinza of "South Pacific," the play most enthusiastically received at New Haven.

"South Pacific" and Kaysey's combined to give the city another show business legend. When the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical was being cast in New York in 1948, Bill Ferguson and his wife, Evelyn Colby, auditioned for its chorus. Evelyn was signed; Bill wasn't.

THE SHOW moved into New Haven and, to be near his wife, Ferguson tagged along and went to work as a waiter in Kaysey's. It was inevitable that he'd have to wait on members of the "South Pacific" company and one day he found himself serving Richard Rodgers. The composer recognized the waiter and, when he heard the story gave Ferguson a job in the musical.

Elaine Stritch once took a leave of absence from a musical circus in Florida to appear, without pay, in a Yale Drama School production. This donation of time, talent and effort won New Haveners' hearts and her subsequent presence in the revivals of "Pal Joey" and "On Your Toes" was enough to make both sell-outs at the Shubert, although revivals are apt to be weak at the box office.

Any play with which George Abbott is affiliated is "big in New Haven" and, when "The Pajama Game" opened there, a plaque honoring him was unveiled in the lobby of the Shubert. John Davis

Lodge, then Connecticut's governor and now ambassador to Spain, did the honors — but not until he'd made it known that in his acting days Abbott had refused to hire him.

Abbott was the first person to be honored by the Shubert Theater in such a manner. He's a staunch advocate of New Haven try-outs and his shows usually play the city eight days, opening on a Saturday night and running through the next week.

MOST other plays give four or five performances before moving on to Boston or Philadelphia, where changes suggested at New Haven can be worked into the show. The recent growth of New Haven has started a trend toward longer engagements there.

While New Haven has gained eminence in the theater world as "the birthplace of Broadway hits," the Shubert schedule annually includes the road companies of half a dozen plays, many of which opened there, and its proximity to New York makes it a convenient place to end tours.

Ten months after its original had its New Haven premiere, the national company of "The Pajama Game" played the Shubert and, in the role Carol Haney made famous, a little-known dancer named Pat Stanley established herself as a favorite. Because the Broadway production of the hit was still play-

ing to capacity audiences, chartered buses carried New Yorkers to see the New Haven presentation.

William A. Brady, in 1927, arranged to have his touring production of "What Every Woman Knows" end its travels at New Haven so that its star, Helen Hayes, could sail the next day from New York for a vacation in Italy. Since, countless plays have taken advantage of the convenience of closing near New York.

If there is uncertainty contingent upon a try-out, there is also hope and exuberance. The result is a festive atmosphere and College Street takes on a carnival air as it comes to life with feverish activity when there's a show in town. The lobby of the Taft is overrun by chorus boys in white sneakers and tight dungarees, while chorus girls in even tighter trousers wiggle their way through the Taft Pharmacy.

NEW HAVEN is a city of tradition and pattern and show people are notoriously uninhibited and unconventional. The result is not a clash but a balance, and the staid New Englanders look forward to the arrival of a troupe.

The city is cosmopolitan enough, and famous visitors frequent enough, so that New Haveners usually have a blasé attitude toward celebrities. In recent years, only one person has affected their composure. "Seventh Heaven" opened soon after the Academy Awards were presented

and on the opening night of the musical, the audience held the curtain for ten minutes while it paid homage to Grace Kelly.

There's a close, 'though unofficial, relationship between the Shubert Theater and nearby Yale University and its drama school. The school has its own active theater, but students work at the Shubert as ushers, stagehands and, occasionally, as extras.

New Haven's own contributions to contemporary theater, through Yale and its drama school, include writers Paul Osborn, H. C. Potter and Betty Smith; composers Cole Porter, Harold Rome and Albert Selden; director Elia Kazan; designers Peter Larkin and Stuart Cheney, T. E. Hambleton of the Phoenix Theater and actors Van Heflin, James Whitmore and Julie Harris.

But New Haven's primary value to the theater comes from the similarity of the tastes of its theatergoers to those of New York audiences, who will decide the fate of an investment of up to \$300,000. A look at the record illustrates this similarity.

In the 1952-53 season, New Haveners classified "Tea and Sympathy," "The Teahouse of the August Moon," "Anniversary Waltz," "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" and "The Pajama Game" as hits and all five were successful on Broadway. The try-out audiences labelled "Sabrina Fair" and "The Prescott Proposals" mediocre and their runs

were just that. The New Haven critics echoed New Haveners' judgment that Shirley Booth was the sustaining force of "By the Beautiful Sea." Shubert Theater patrons fell in love with Jeanmaire but not "The Girl in Pink Tights," and Jeanmaire's success was as apparent as the musical's failure. T. S. Eliot's "The Confidential Clerk" and "The Paradise Question" were tagged as "turkeys" and both folded.

DURING the season of 1954-55 audiences of the try-out city were the first to see "Lunatics and Lovers," "Witness for the Prosecution," "Anastasia," "Plain and Fancy," "Damn Yankees" and "Seventh Heaven" and predicted their accomplishments.

There were cool receptions in both New Haven and New York for "Reclining Figure," "The Living Room," "The Southwest Corner," "On Your Toes" and "The Honeyeys." "Hit the Trail" was a failure in both cities. The conflicting Broadway appraisals of "Ankles Aweigh" only continued an identical controversy in New Haven.

This season, New Haveners were

the first to see "A View From the Bridge," "A Hatful of Rain," "The Ponder Heart," "Red Roses for Me," "My Fair Lady" and "Mr. Johnson."

Back in 1930, Helen Hayes learned that New Haven theatergoers are capable critics. She opened at the Shubert in the much-heralded Jed Harris production of "Mr. Gilhooley" — the Liam O'Flaherty novel dramatized by Frank Elser. The play was sordid and grim but she thought it would be a big success. The opening night audience at New Haven didn't like "Mr. Gilhooley." Before the end of the last act, Yale undergraduates in the gallery started slamming seats and stomping up the uncarpeted aisles and the play didn't get to Broadway.

But there's always an exception. Thirteen years ago, "Away We Go," a musical with a cast of unknowns, opened at the Shubert. Its reception, at best, was tepid and its departure was even quieter than its arrival. Since 1942, four road companies of the show have played to sell-out audiences at New Haven under a new name.

The new name is "Oklahoma!"



Restaurateur Sidney Allen tells of the woman tourist in Africa who was admiring a native warrior's necklace. "What are those things?" she asked.

"Alligator teeth, ma'am," replied the native.

"Oh, I see," she said, "I suppose they have the same value for your people that pearls do for us."

"Not quite," he answered gravely, "anybody can open an oyster!"

Know

YOUR COUNTRY

Its Institutions and Its Enemies

\$500 in Cash Prizes for the Right Answers

First Prize — \$250

Second Prize — \$150

Third Prize — \$75

Fourth Prize — \$25

1. Name the nine Supreme Court Justices who have done so much to undermine public confidence in the formerly great institution of the Supreme Court.
2. Published reports have stated there are five million people illegally in this country. Name the present U. S. Attorney General and also his predecessor who are responsible for these illegal entries.
3. Who was the first President to be inaugurated in Washington, D. C.?
4. Who was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence?
5. New York is named in honor of whom?
6. Does Chancellor Adenauer know that the briefing cards which Major General Arthur G. Trudeau handed him in good faith were photostated and turned over to the CIA by the Socialist element in his Embassy at Washington? These cards were used as the basis of evidence by Allen Dulles and John Foster Dulles to bring about political pressure for removal of a patriotic American from his post.
7. The State of Colorado is named from a Spanish word meaning what?
8. Who named Virginia?
9. What famous lines from Leviticus are inscribed on our Liberty Bell?

10. Where was the seat of the "Continental Congress" during Revolutionary War days?
11. What famous patriot and statesman said: "God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it"?
12. How did President Truman, by signing a trade agreement, turn over to 35 nations at Geneva, Switzerland, the right to divide our markets and to set our tariffs?
13. Can the Army, Air Force or Navy get their own intelligence, or must they go through CIA, which is headed by Allen Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles?
14. Who engraved and printed the first United States paper money?
15. Who said, "One on God's side is a majority?"
16. What famous President said, "Influence is not government?"
17. What outstanding American said, "There never was a good war, or a bad peace"?
18. In what year was the first U. S. Government Post Office opened in New York City?
19. In what year did the U. S. Congress open the mint in Philadelphia?
20. In what city and year was the first commercial telephone exchange opened?
21. How and when are our Congressmen and Senators paid?
22. What, in your opinion, was the reason for placing General Marshall and General Omar Bradley in key positions when we had many available military men of greater proven ability? Answer in 250 words or less.

Keep your issues of the Mercury and you will find the answers to most of these questions.

Please address all entries to *Contest Editor*, AMERICAN MERCURY,
250 West 57th Street, New York, 19, New York
Contest closes midnight, Thursday, May 31, 1956



A Pair of Heels

by Alan W. Farrant

VERY MODERN, aren't you, with your high-heeled shoes? Well, you're very old-fashioned, too. High heels were popularized by Louis XIV, and to this day are called French heels. When the Ladies of the Court, copying their king, began sporting the new style it was of course spied by other eyes, and soon the fad was spreading rapidly through all the courts of Europe. Before long nearly all women were wearing French heels, whatever their station in life.

Louis XIV thus not only added a little majesty to his unmajestic 5' 4", he also sparked a fashion that has had the ladies, and their doctors, at odds ever since.

Those who wear high heels consistently — usually the short girls — insist that their $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch stilts are both graceful and comfortable. Those who don't — generally the big girls who need no extra height — contend that their flat heels feel better and are better for good health.

Up to now, the big girls have had most doctors on their side. Most physicians claim high heels, by disproportionately shifting the weight onto the toes, produce foot troubles as well as internal disorders.

Dr. James Menned of London, however, has come out for the short girls. "The high heels are not harmful. On the contrary, it is better for

the foot. This has been proven time and time again to my complete satisfaction."

High heels have another defender in Dr. Paul Bernard Roth, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. "The high heel reduces the strain on the calf muscles by lessening the distance between their two attachments. Also, it relieves the arch of the foot of a considerable portion of the person's weight, which is transferred to the front part of the foot, and here it is taken directly to the ground."

BACK IN 1920, the January issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* asked, "Do many girls and women really sacrifice their health and happiness on the altar of foolish fashions?" The *Journal* then answers its own question. "If these ridiculous high heels are worn, then they are sacrificing their health."

While we know it was Louis XIV who brought about their widespread use, less is known of the origin of high heels. Several theories have been advanced. One of the most interesting is that they were invented by a pretty girl who was tired of always being kissed on the forehead.

Other explanations are that the people of ancient desert tribes put high heels on their shoes to keep their feet off burning sands. And some people say it was started by horse-riding warriors of centuries past who used high heels to keep

their feet from slipping out of the stirrup. Well, the cowboy of today uses a boot with a high heel for that very reason.

In the Elizabethan era the male dandies wore shoes with high heels — three to four inches, in fact. These were often colored bright red, yellow, or green. So popular were these that it became a customary part of male attire, and was a fad that lasted for years. Only when being a "dandy" became unpopular did this fashion go out of style.

There are those who want to credit Julius Caesar with causing high heels to become popular. One (so-called) authority has written: "It seems Caesar was unhappy about his short stature. He would pull himself to his full height, toss his toga over his shoulder and stride forth to impress people. That he was successful there is no doubt — but he didn't feel he was doing justice to himself. How, he pondered, could he make himself appear taller and, he hoped, more imposing? The notion he hit upon was undoubtedly the result of true genius, for it stuck through the centuries. He had lifts put upon the heels of his sandals!"

Here in America high heels were not popular until the late 1890s. At first these were heels imported from France, which then had to be fastened to the American shoes. This proved difficult to do satisfactorily, and often My Lady would have a

bad fall, caused from the heel buckling under her. American inventiveness soon devised machines and methods for securely fastening them, and high heels became the commonly accepted thing to wear.

Shoemen have developed an accurate method of designating the size of the heel. Trade jargon refers to them as $11/8$, or $14/8$, or some other number before an 8. A heel is measured by eighths of an inch. Thus the figure 8 denotes eight eighths, or one inch. So an $11/8$ heel becomes one which is $13/8$ inches in height; a $4/8$ heel is one-half inch.

Heels on women's shoes come under a variety of style names: Wedge, spool, Cuban, Continental, Louis, French, Spanish, spike, novelty. Shoe heels are now made of wood, leather, rubber, plastic, and many other materials. Most of them are wood, usually tipped with leather or rubber.

The rubber heel idea is credited to a printer named Humphrey O'Sullivan. This man had sore feet which caused him much trouble during the hours he stood at his machine working. One day he hit upon the idea of using a mat of rubber to stand on. A marked improve-

ment! His fellow workers thought little of the idea, and sometimes hid the mat. Why not, reasoned O'Sullivan, nail a small mat to his shoe? And so was born the rubber heel.

Not until the days of the Roman Empire did anything resembling the modern shoe develop. One of the Emperors had a shoe made for himself which covered the entire foot. Previous to this, sandals had been the type of footwear most widely used. Actually, the making of footwear is one of the oldest trades of which there is any record.

FROM the time of their first use, arguments have been strong and frequent for and against high heels. But women still wear them and will continue to do so. It is truthfully said that corns, calluses, and bunions are nature's protest against shoe insult. And most of the insults come from high heels. Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, in "Body Mechanics and Health," says: "High heels have always received well-merited censure."

But regardless of what you call them, which ones you prefer, or how the arguments around you go, of this you can be sure — heels are always worn by the pair!

An English hostess, when serving wine, remarked to one gentleman: "I shouldn't be offering you wine. You are head of the Temperance League."

"Oh, no," he replied. "I'm head of the Vice League."

"Well," she said, "I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

He Finds Jobs for EX-CONVICTS

by Mort Weisinger

THE RUDDY-FACED executive beamed at the slim, neatly-dressed job applicant. "All right, Carter," he said warmly, "you start with us Monday: \$6,500 a year."

Carter smiled nervously. "Thanks, Mr. Green. But there's something else you should know. I'm an excellent shop foreman, but I've got a prison record. I was released three weeks ago from Joliet, where I served four years for forgery."

Green said, "I'm sorry, but company policy prevents . . ."

There was a moment of embarrassed silence. Carter leaned forward, his lips trembling. "I realize your position, sir," he said, "but before you write me off I'd appreciate one favor. Phone Mr. Robert Hannum at Murray Hill 5-9720. Please . . ."

Green was sure that nothing anyone might say could win the ex-con an appeal, but curiosity and courtesy impelled him to dial the mysterious Mr. Hannum. For five minutes he listened to a voice as sincere as Ike Eisenhower's, as persuasive as Clarence Darrow's. Finally, when he hung up, he nodded at Carter.

"You've got the job," he announced. "I couldn't say 'No' to the angel in your corner."

The angel who had won mercy for the ex-forgery was Robert R. Hannum, a modest, unruffled vocational expert who runs one of the most unusual employment agencies in the world. As Director of Vocational Placement for the Osborne Association, a private prisoners' aid organization with headquarters in East Side Manhattan, he finds jobs for ex-prisoners who have committed almost every crime listed on the police blotter, from petty larceny to murder. Having atoned for their lawlessness, they want to lead respectable lives. But frequently this is difficult to do.

The "corrected" individual seeking honest employment finds himself quarantined for life from many kinds of honest jobs. His record bars him at present from entering the Armed Forces, may disqualify him for Civil Service. Doctors, dentists and lawyers who have served time almost invariably must seek new occupations. Some states prohibit an ex-con from owning a driver's license, making him ineligible for jobs that require driving a car or truck. In many states it is compulsory for a parolee to inform a prospective employer of his criminal past during the first job interview. When

an ex-con applies to any industrial firm which has a government contract, the automatic security check of his fingerprints inevitably reveals his record.

Rebuffed by personnel heads, scorned by the employment agencies, it is no wonder that many ex-prisoners revert to crime for a source of income. Working to rescue these branded souls, however, are the prisoners' aid societies scattered throughout the country.

One of the foremost of these is the Osborne Association, founded in 1932 to combine two agencies established by the late Thomas Mott Osborne, the pioneering Sing Sing warden who devoted his life to changing society's treatment of criminals.

During these past 25 years the association which bears his name has succeeded in getting hundreds of employers to hire some 15,000 ex-prisoners, releasees from Federal prisons, and all state prisons except New York.

The association's members have a realistic motive for their humanitarianism. Aware that an appallingly high percentage of discharged prisoners commit new crimes, they are convinced that helping them regain their dignity and economic security is the most practical form of crime prevention. The Osborne record supports this theory. Of the mass crop of ex-prisoners it has delivered to industry, only 14 have betrayed their trust.

THE Osborne Association operates its vocational program on a sparse annual budget of \$25,000. Funds come from the agency's 400 sponsors, many of whom were personal friends of Thomas Osborne. Contributions also trickle in from police chiefs, from wardens and from social welfare institutions. Some of Osborne's steadiest givers are former convicts the agency once befriended who are now successful businessmen.

Currently quarterbacking the Osborne rehabilitation program is indefatigable Bob Hannum, the prisoners' best friend. Coaching quietly from the sidelines is Osborne's executive director, Austin H. MacCormick, noted penologist and professor of criminology. This team has won the cooperation of law agencies throughout the country as well as the respect of private industry.

On any weekday morning, Hannum's office is overrun with ex-safecrackers, pickpockets, automobile thieves, bad check artists and con men. All want jobs. First Hannum screens them by assaying their prison dossiers. To the top of the ladder go first offenders, men with a record of good behavior, those who become trusties, those who volunteered as medical guinea pigs. On the bottom rung are multiple losers and convicts with bad disciplinary reports. To place these risky characters Hannum has to set his sights low, is thankful when he can land them

minor jobs. The obviously hopeless cases, such as psychopaths, dope addicts and alcoholics, are screened out and referred to rehabilitation agencies better equipped to deal with them.

Hannum's screening technique is sufficiently reliable that some of America's strictest bonding companies will insure ex-prisoners vouched for by the Osborne Association. Not long ago, Hannum obtained a job interview for an ex-swindler who had been an accountant. The man was informed the job was his providing a bonding company would insure him. Presently the bonding company's agent called on Hannum. "About this man of yours . . ." he began. Hannum's heart did a somersault, foreseeing a strike out. The agent continued, "He's such a crackerjack accountant my own company would be willing to hire him."

Many of today's prisons graduate a class of convicts competent in many trades such as bricklaying, plastering and lathing. Inmates at Lewisburg raise revenue for the prison by manufacturing metal furniture, a skill they can pursue when they are free. Many Atlanta alumni are proficient printers. Some California convicts learn to operate textile looms. Scores of satisfied industrial executives for over two decades have found it profitable to hire trained workers from the Osborne labor pool. Hannum also leans on sympathetic trade unions for jobs.

Whenever grateful convicts ask Hannum how they can repay him, he always answers: "Just keep your eyes open and let me know as soon as possible whenever there's a job opening in your shop." In his spare time Hannum studies the classified telephone directory and discovers scores of off-beat trades for which his men can qualify. Thus, for an ex-prisoner who has experience in metal work, Hannum will canvass a maker of portable elevators, a bicycle repair shop, an umbrella company, a maker of coat-hangers, a coffin manufacturer.

HANNUM also relies on the telephone to melt employers who freeze up when an applicant informs them of his prison stigma. When Mr. Green, the employer mentioned at the beginning of this article, called the agency about the ex-forgery he didn't want to hire, I was in Hannum's office. His argument was so persuasive that I took the conversation down on a wire recorder.

"Every security agency in New York knows about us and considers us good business," I heard him tell the skeptical Mr. Green. "Before I sent Carter to see you, I found out about your plant and its operations. I believe you'll find him a real asset to your company."

"But will he stay straight?" the employer asked.

"We've been in business 25 years, and we're prepared to guarantee the quality of our product. We don't

operate on guesswork. We have verified facts about Carter's background, habits and personality which convince us that he'll be an excellent risk despite the blot on his record."

Green was still hesitant. "Frankly," he said, "an associate of mine hired an ex-convict once. It was a costly experience."

"Tell me," Hannum said. "Did your friend screen the ex-convict he hired? Did he hire him on good business grounds, or was he just trying to do somebody a favor?"

Green had to admit, "No, he didn't screen him. But let me ask you something, as man to man. Why give preference to an ex-prisoner when there are scores of noncriminal applicants who could use the job?"

Hannum replied: "It depends on how well you want this job done, sir. This man has a great deal to lose if he doesn't succeed at his job."

Green capitulated.

Hannum has at times salvaged the talents of medical men banished from their profession because of a prison stretch. He once persuaded an insurance company to take on a convicted abortionist as a medical examiner—in which capacity he would diagnose, but not treat. Hannum got a job as a teacher in a dental mechanics school for a handsome dentist jailed for bigamy. A lawyer imprisoned for embezzling a client's trust fund was found a responsible job with the title-search department of a mortgage company.

Professor Austin MacCormick ex-

plains Hannum's job-casting art this way: "Bob is a human IBM machine. One section of his brain is a bottomless inventory of countless trades and skills for which many of our ex-prisoners can qualify. A second section is an exhaustive file of employers in every category. Press an invisible button, and Bob can pair prisoner and position with electronic speed."

During a normal week Hannum and his two assistants, Arthur Mann and Mrs. Bertha Christmas, will find jobs for about 20 ex-prisoners. Seven out of every ten who show up at Osborne are accepted for placement. Biggest headache is the week before Christmas, known throughout the underworld as "Clemency Week." This is the time when parole boards free deserving prisoners so that they can be home for the holidays. As a result, December finds Hannum's office overflowing with releasees looking for work.

MOST ex-prisoners who check in at Osborne are broke. While the long-term Federal offenders and some state releasees are coming out with enough funds from prison earnings to survive until the first pay day, the majority still come through with \$10 or less. A prisoner discharged from New York City's Riker's Island Penitentiary, for example, is often turned out to face the world with 25 cents and a bologna sandwich.

To save a client from skid row until he can get him a job, Hannum

stakes him from Osborne's meager treasury with pocket money to pay for shelter, food, carfares and other living costs. If the Osborne cupboard is bare, Hannum establishes credit for him with some friendly restaurant and lodging house. Occasionally Hannum obtains temporary shelter from the Salvation Army.

"A small financial assist when a man first comes out has enormous value in combating discouragement," says Osborne's president, G. Howland Shaw, formerly assistant secretary of state under Cordell Hull. "We call it a loan, but consider it a worthy investment if the man makes good." Osborne staffers swell with pride at the fact that out of \$6,982 in loans to 985 needy clients during 1955, \$2,378 has already been repaid.

ALTHOUGH less than one tenth of one percent of all Osborne-recommended men ever steal from their employers, Hannum finds it hard to live down the rare rotten apples. He still has a guilt complex about his prize failure. A few years ago he persuaded the manager of a large corporation to hire an ex-prisoner as his assistant. Soon afterward, this man became a heavy drinker and finally embezzled \$14,000. Called into court to supply testimony which could only incriminate the man, Hannum did so with tears in his eyes.

On the other hand, an unscrupu-

lous employer once phoned Osborne and deliberately requested an ex-prisoner with bookkeeping experience. This employer had been mulcting his partners and planned to frame the ex-con to explain the company's financial shortage. When the ex-con was arrested, however, Hannum had the facts ventilated and established his man's innocence.

Hannum once obtained a job for an ex-pickpocket who was put in a position of trust, handling the cash register of a diner. On days when the tally showed a deficit in the receipts, due to the natural margin of error, the ex-dip dug into his own pockets and made up the shortage. He was afraid that, because of his reputation for sticky fingers, he'd be blamed for the loss.

"Suitcase" Sam, a youth who had switched from railroading to robbery, found it impossible to get employment in his former field when he was released. Hannum visited the personnel head of a leading railroad, but had hardly started talking when the personnel man cut him short. "You don't have to convince me your man will go straight," he interrupted. "I know he will. Twenty years ago, when I got out of prison, Osborne got me my job with this railroad."

Also in the O. Henry vein is the case of the ex-thief who came to Hannum one day, a pawn ticket in his hand, and confessed that he had stolen a typewriter from the study room of the public library and

hocked it for \$10. Now he was suffering remorse. Bob redeemed the typewriter with his own money. When he brought the machine back to the library, a vigilant guard accused him of trying to steal it. Hannum spent a frantic hour talking his way out of that one.

FIFTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Bob Hannum has been active in social welfare work ever since he left Yale, where he majored in economics. Life in the Hannum household, a pleasant frame cottage in a New York suburb, is often an extension of Bob's working hours. His wife, Prudence, simply sets another plate when her husband brings home an ex-robber or a former swindler to share pot luck at the dinner table. Nor did Mrs. Hannum blink an eye one night in 1952 when a radio flash reported that 69 rioting convicts in the Trenton Prison refused to release their guard hostages until they had told their side of the story to Robert Hannum. She merely got Bob his hat and coat, wished him luck.

One of Bob's favorite stories concerns the Osborne alumnus, "Trigger" L——, who had served three raps for armed robbery. Because

employers became apprehensive when alerted to his predatory past, Trigger had to sweat it out for four months before Hannum was finally able to locate a boss willing to gamble on his going straight. For five years the ex-con toiled honestly. At the end of that time Trigger had managed to save enough money to open up a hardware store in a small Midwestern city.

Business was good for the reformed desperado and soon he was in need of an assistant. Mindful of the break society had given him when he had needed a job, Trigger advertised for a helper, stipulating in the ad: *Only ex-convicts need apply.*

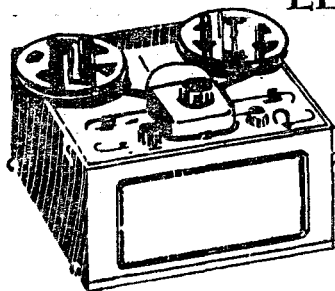
Only one applicant called on Trigger for the job, a youth who admitted to having served two years for automobile theft. Impressed with the lad's sincerity, the ex-con hired the ex-con. Three months later, when Trigger told his assistant that he was giving him a \$10 raise, the boy made a tearful confession.

"You've been swell to me," he told his boss, "but there's something you should know. I've never been in jail. I lied about having a record because I needed the work."

P.S. He kept the job and the raise.

For further information on prisoners' aid societies, write to Mrs. Ruth Baker, Secretary, International Prisoners' Aid Association, 125 East Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

LEARN while you *Sleep*



by

K. D. Curtis

If you feel that you're wasting those "good eight hours," try sleep-learning. You'll find it fun and profitable.

JUST LIKE thousands of other young husbands, a midwestern lad was trying to hold down two jobs at once, in order to get ahead. Only, in this case, he was flunking in one. He was going to college under the G. I. Bill, carrying maximum hours, and also working full-time. Even with minimum sleep, there were precious few hours for study.

"You'll have to choose between one of the two activities," said college officials. "Or we'll have to wash you out."

He took one look at the family overhead, another at the clock — and decided to ignore the professorial advice. And, recently, he was graduated with a very sound array of grades.

Was his success "legitimate"? How did he do it?

Actually, he mastered his college work honestly and fairly — by studying in his sleep while he rested

from his outside job. His technique — so-called "sleep-learning" — is not new to certain experts. But professionals usually use high-priced, specialized mechanical devices.

Most manufactured outfits consist of an electric record-and-playback machine (often using tape) with an inbuilt clock to start and stop the machine while the user is sleeping. Special headphones, protected by sponge rubber, are located in what may be a rubber pillow. These phones act as low-volume speakers, playing repetitively into napping ears any subject matter that is to be memorized.

This G. I. student, lacking money, used ingenuity. He had his radio serviceman rig a timing clock to a second-hand tape recorder which, in turn, "played" units from an ordinary headset. His cost was around \$75. He then recorded — for study-while-you-sleep — foreign

language vocabularies, historical dates, "required" literary quotations, math formulas and other classroom material. These recordings were played into his ears for several minutes, beginning at about two-thirty in the morning, while his conscious self slept. But his subconscious mind "memorized" the playbacks so thoroughly that this student literally amazed his professors and fellow-students.

"Sleep-learning" is based on a phenomenon, called "conditioned reflex," researched by a brilliant Russian scientist, Ivan Pavlov (1849-1936). He proved that the trained (or "conditioned") subconscious mind will make a pattern reaction to certain conditions. For example, a mother sleeping near her infant will awaken at the child's low cry — but usual loud street noises will not awaken her because her subconscious mind has been "told" to ignore them.

SLEEP-LEARNERS must condition their minds not to be awakened when the record-player comes on in the wee hours with a "lecture." When the conscious self then turns the aural reception over to the never-sleeping subconscious mind, the phenomenon of sleep-memorizing occurs. Max Sherover, American author and linguist, has used this intriguing mental facility to "teach" vocabulary, pronunciation and other aspects of several foreign languages.

Our G. I. student, having "slept

his way through college," then turned to some extracurricular experimenting. He broke himself of the cigaret habit. By telling himself in his sleep that the cigarets were bad-tasting, repulsive, health damaging and costly — or "warnings" to that effect. Researchers claim the "sleep-learning" mind is the same mental department that influences our habits and personal discipline. College experiments support this, generally.

Exploring the frontier of sleep-therapy, a professor of abnormal psychology experimented, without their knowledge, on some finger-nail-chewing children. Each night, for almost eight weeks, youngsters were told this in their sleep: "My fingernails taste terribly bitter!" Although the children were not investigated thoroughly as to medical or personality background, there was a decided drop in nail-chewing after the "sleep-course."

Millions of mothers know that one of the nuisance habits of childhood is soiling of the bedclothes at night. Every adult knows that, except where some disease is present, control of night-time excretion is turned over to the "trained" subconscious mind. Child-training starts in daytime — with mother's proverbial warning to "practice control."

With these facts in mind, a Los Angeles group has experimented extensively in sleep-correction of bed-wetting, nightmares, sleepless-

ness and other problems of children.

"Our program is not nearly completed. But I hesitate to put into writing the actual results, so far. They are actually too sensational to warrant belief," I was told. Much of the child material is in story form, with the therapy brought in obliquely.

Adults have been successfully treated for psychosomatic complaints by a Denver physician who has a long-established practice in another field.

"After treatment for pathological conditions, I often found there were other complaints really of a non-associated, nervous nature," he told me. Then he turned to sleep or "state of reverie" treatment, collaborating with a famous New York City psychologist, an old friend. Masking names, he mentioned two typical cases:

A sheriff's deputy, middle-aged, was treated successively for fistula, sacroiliac trouble, and duodenal ulcer. These complaints were treated successfully. Then he developed an excruciating pain in the back and through the right leg, making standing difficult — and always worsening when he went to bed at night. Several doctors could not find the pathological cause.

The Denver practitioner found out that the man's father, mother, four brothers and one sister had "back-trouble" — and he had memories of helping them. Thereupon, special clinical tape-recordings were

made, reassuring him of his basic health and conditioning his subconscious to relieve him of what was mentally-suggested illness and pain. "After the tenth treatment, he forgot he had the trouble," the physician told me.

SIMILARLY, a 68-year-old married woman suffering from extreme high blood pressure for many years, was induced by her husband to have this physician prepare special recording for repetitive use. "After 15 treatments, her husband says he has peace of mind for the first time in 38 years," the doctor smiled. Actually, her blood-pressure reading dropped from 190/110 to 150/90 as a result of mental suggestion.

Other researchers, working in the realm of marital counseling, claim some success in the "sleep-treatment" of both husband and wife. Emotional and physical maladjustments have been helped by lectures-to-the-subconscious, whereas a face-to-face talk with a marriage counselor has proved a nervous and ineffective experience.

A logopedic clinic is experimenting with the use of somnolent suggestion in treating children who stutter and have speech impediments which are nervous in origin. Similarly, some mental institutions have done experimenting with patients suffering from mild hallucinations.

But there is more fun in other stories . . . the one of how a hard-

pressed cast member of a famous New York musical, having trouble with her lines and cues, suddenly surprised her director with a "new" memory . . . how a veteran stage actor, used to long play rehearsals, became handicapped when his first TV commitments gave him short time to memorize — until he turned to "sleep-learning" . . . and how a young man surprised parakeet experts with a bird he had taught to speak much earlier than normal — with his "sleep-learning" outfit, a home-made job.

Researchers haven't decided whether you learn best while in deep sleep or in a dreamlike condition. Or how often and how long the record should be played. Or what effect daily tensions and mental use have on your "night learning." These vary with individuals.

They have discovered, though, a nether, always-working part of your personality that can be put to use. In a word, when a person "hits the hay," nowadays, he can also "hit the books" (collegiate or office) with surprising results.



Selling Signs

A rising young entrepreneur built his home on several acres at the edge of our town. Although he was very busy managing his sign company, he decided to plant some of his excess acreage in garden truck, including an acre or so of cucumbers.

With characteristic zeal he studied the subject of vegetable raising. He learned, among other things, that cucumbers produce prolifically until some of the fruit ripens fully and turns yellow. After that the plant seems to feel that its posterity is assured and loses interest in production.

Our townsman sold all his produce on a "pick-it-yourself-and-save" basis. His fields were full of customers. The cucumbers were sold for one cent each, regardless of size. The people picked the large ones and the small ones — but they never picked the yellow ones. He worked hard, trying to clear out the yellow ones himself, until he hit on a solution that solved the problem completely, and cleared out every yellow cucumber.

To the big sign that read, "Cucumbers, Any Size — One Cent Each," he added, "Yellow Ones FREE!"

— *Bill Arter*



MORE MILLIONS for HOT AIR

by Eugene W. Castle

THE MELANCHOLY news for Americans is that the White House has again surrendered to the pressures of the propaganda-warfare clique in Washington. The United State Information Agency is desperately seeking more money.

The boost demanded is not even a modest one. The Eisenhower 1956-57 budget calls for a jump in Information Agency spendings of nearly \$48 million. If Congress succumbs to White House pressure, this will mean that the USIA budget will go up perpendicularly from \$87,406,630 for this fiscal year to \$135,000,000 for fiscal 1957. It is a sensational leap for a single year!

The paradox is that this additional money is to go to the USIA at a time when its waste and ineffectiveness are becoming a national byword. By every rule of reason and common sense, 1956 should have been the year when this scandalously overextended agency should

have been cut to the bone. Unhappily, Washington, and especially those who advise our highest policy makers, do not follow the rule of common sense, particularly in an election year. Instead of liquidation, USIA faces an expansion of 50 percent.

Such things are possible in Washington because the American taxpayer, after a quarter-century of deficit or near-deficit years, is becoming increasingly numb to Government waste. Americans have been so dazzled by the dance of the billions that many of them have lost all sense of budgetary reality.

Even one of the firmest believers in sound monetary practices, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, at times appears to have lost contact with the day-to-day manipulations of government spenders. Recently, on a nationwide TV panel, in response to a reporter's question, Secretary Humphrey re-

plied: "Everyone in government is continually working for reductions in expenditures. Everyone is doing this every day and every week in the year."

In the case of the USIA, it is not possible to reconcile this statement with the budget for the past three fiscal years. In fiscal 1955, this agency was budgeted for \$77,099,000. For this year the amount was increased by \$10,000,000 and now, an additional \$48,000,000 is called for.

Humorous as it may sound, USIA is being promoted before Congressional committees by its defenders, as a sort of a bargain counter among U.S. agencies. To demonstrate this absurdity, they perform a trick with mirrors. They total the annual defense spendings, which in the 1956-57 budget aggregate \$40,370,000,000. The USIA "cut" is modestly presented as to be only about one-half of one percent of this grand total. A petty amount for anything as essential as propaganda warfare, they argue.

BUT, is it petty? A logical way to gauge the "thrif" of our foreign propaganda spendings is to contrast them with the comparable outlays of other nations of the free world. France and Italy spend a few million dollars a year each for foreign propaganda. Great Britain, which preceded us by years in psychological warfare, is a case in point; The BBC broadcasts news

and, as they term it, a mirror of life in Britain to their own worldwide Empire and to foreign countries. The effort, including overhead, costs about \$14,000,000. Additionally, Britain spends less than \$5,000,000 annually for all other foreign propaganda activities. And, most important, the British broadcasters do not conduct a hot and cold war of words with the Soviets or their satellites. When Moscow or Peiping attempts to misrepresent or villify the British, they do not reply in kind, thereby avoiding all prolongation of the smears.

Why, then, must we continue to pay in increasing exorbitant amounts for an inferior product? The answer is inescapable when we look at some of the specifications for the expenditure of the proposed \$135,000,000. The whole USIA establishment is a shell of built-in waste and boondoggles. For instance, take the single item of "Motion Picture Service." The career of USIA motion pictures has been like a page out of Gilbert and Sullivan. The motion picture service is a superfluous project which never should have been started in the first place. The passing years simply make it more and more ridiculous.

The United States is decidedly the ONE nation which does not need to produce and exhibit government-made movies to depict our way of life to foreigners. American-made entertainment pictures dominate the movie houses of the world

and have done so for half a century. Every week, 200,000,000 foreign movie-goers pay at their box-offices to see Hollywood films. Our films are accepted and enjoyed the world over because they do *not* contain propaganda. Instead, they present the America as it was lived in our pioneer past and as it is lived today.

Into this American-dominated foreign movie field, USIA's motion picture service has moved like a bull in the china shop. Government-made propaganda films are passed to foreign exhibitors by utilizing the facilities of American theatrical film distributors overseas. This practice often results in the irritation of foreign movie-goers who dislike all government inspired propaganda, both foreign and domestic.

How much does all this movie nonsense set us back? In the current year we are spending \$4,466,818 for the USIA operated motion picture service. The 1956-57 budget proposes that this amount be trebled!

PART OF this money is to be used to expand the fleet of several hundred mobile trucks which USIA sends through the backward regions of foreign countries to give propaganda movie shows to people in retarded areas, most of whom lack the bare necessities of life. Whoever thought up this one should be perpetuated in a waxworks. No surer way of inviting envy and ill-will against America and Americans could be conceived.

We have only to imagine how Americans would react if any foreign country began routing propaganda film trucks through our countryside to indoctrinate our people. And yet, the USIA masterminds soberly propose to spend more money on this absurdity.

The Agency's new budget provides for a fifty percent increase in the USIA press service. The 1956 allocation of \$6,323,929 is to be raised to \$9,555,000. The American taxpayer may well take a second glance at this one.

Like the motion picture service, the USIA press service is a dispensable program. Aside from jobs for hundreds of over-paid government press agents and rewrite men, it is difficult to discover what helpful purpose it performs in the government information picture.

The idea that the Federal government should go into the news release business to compete with the worldwide activities of such recognized and ably-staffed private news agencies as the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service is absurd upon the face of it. The only justification for government entry into the foreign news field would be that the USIA could do it better. In practice, USIA does it so much worse as to make most of its operations farcical.

How did we get into this government news business anyhow? The close of World War II found the

United States with a swollen establishment of Office of War Information employees on its hands. William Benton, former advertising tycoon, who became Assistant Secretary of State in 1945, persuaded the administration to transfer them en masse to the Department of State. He then persuaded the administration to authorize a permanent International Information program.

The transferred employees became the USIS: eventually, in 1953 when they were again detached from the Department of State and made an independent agency, they became the USIA. The old war-time OWI press service, which may have had some tangible war usefulness, became a full-rigged, cold war promotional establishment.

THE IDEA of a government press service was "crack-brained" in the first place. There is no informational field which is more efficiently serviced by private agencies. This is supplemented by the unexcelled overseas circulations of our American magazines which, in one instance (*The Reader's Digest*) circulates 7,000,000 copies monthly.

USIA also has a pamphlet publishing project. In mid-1955, it demonstrated the social danger of placing lavish American propaganda books in irresponsible hands by issuing an 80-page booklet entitled "The American Economy," subtitled, "Beyond Capitalism." It

equated our "Capitalism" with social injustice and misery. It airily dismissed it as a moribund system.

Who authorized the USIA to repudiate "Capitalism" on behalf of the American nation is not clearly disclosed. The publication of such a book under USIA imprimatur gave comfort to all the Socialist and Fabian forces in France and throughout Europe.

When we closely examine the list of the \$135 millions which the USIA is presently seeking, other curious items confront us. One is the \$14,683,000 allocation for "Information Centers," up from \$4,077,573 in 1956. These 200 centers, which usually revolve around a library of American books, are supposed to do something to sell the United States to foreign people. The assumption is that if the foreigner can be induced to read American books, he can be won to our side in the cold war against Communism.

The theory is attractive but the practice is disappointing. American-sponsored libraries abroad do not reach the social classes which most readily lean towards Communism — the trade unionists, the underprivileged and the illiterates. These libraries are used largely by the top crust of the intelligentsia, who are usually Westernized and anti-communist. To a disconcerting extent our libraries have become conveniences for official Americans stationed abroad, and gathering places for affluent American tourists.

In the foreign radio field, the "Voice of America" is slated for an almost \$7 million increase in the new budget. If the budgeteers have their way, it will receive \$24,148,000. The shining new gimmick in this appropriation, which is cited to justify the increase, is television. USIA intends to go in for television abroad in a big way.

How these TV programs can be useful to USIA as a mass medium in Europe, Asia and Africa is apparent only to the peculiar USIA mind. Most of the nations which are deemed currently important to us, *e.g.*, the Arab states, India, Indonesia, South Vietnam, Burma, etc., are without television outlets.

THE PRESTIGE of the Voice, never high, has probably sunk now to an all-time low abroad. The USIA was recently embarrassed by the disclosure that the AFN, the U. S. Armed Services radio, which broadcasts only in English, is far more popular among German listeners, as well as those in the satellite countries. AFN, although not edited for foreigners, is popular with them because it is strictly factual and avoids all propaganda.

In view of its dismal and even harmful record, why is there so much continuous pressure for an expanded USIA? Having tried psychological warfare for ten patient years and found it wanting, why does not Washington cut its losses and get out from under this waste

drain? Why the urgency for its continuance?

This Washington insistence upon a USIA flies in the face of the judgment of such a distinguished American journalistic figure as Roy W. Howard, founder of the United Press who, on April 15, 1955, declared that the USIA was putting "America's worst foot forward" abroad.

One factor of incalculable importance in Administration demands for ever increasing USIA budgets is Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, who continuously is a drum-beater for more government propaganda. Dr. Eisenhower spent 17 years in government informational offices before Pearl Harbor. At President Roosevelt's request, he prepared the blueprints for the Office of War Information in 1941, and he was its associate director under Elmer Davis from 1942 to 1943.

It was the influential Dr. Eisenhower who said, early in his brother's administration, that "the United States is fighting Russian propaganda with popguns and peashooters when we should be dropping intellectual atomic bombs." His hand is visible in the President's unwavering support of a big USIA budget, in the face of both public and congressional skepticism.

Another factor is the skilled use, by the USIA heads, of impressive, bellwether names to dignify their appeals for bigger budgets at the expense of the American people.

By a shrewd publicizing of such sponsor names, the USIA, year after year, succeeds in obscuring the fact of its own pathetic failure.

ONE OF the names which has recently been exploited to a fare-you-well to sell the USIA is that of Theodore S. Repplier, president of the Advertising Council. Repplier, an experienced advertising executive but not a newspaper reporter, was sent on a six-month all-expense-paid tour of the world. His trip was financed by the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowship, ostensibly to appraise the value of the foreign propaganda program. Repplier showed his bias by announcing before leaving that he strongly favored doubling the Agency's budget, thus pre-judging his findings before making them.

His travels apparently gave him one new idea — that we should rename our American economic system and call it "People's capitalism." Since both Soviet Russia and Red China have exploited the name "People's Republic" *ad nauseum*, Repplier's intelligence in re-packaging our superb economic system under this shopworn communist slogan can be seriously questioned.

But none of these considerations phased the Big Brains of the USIA. They seized upon Repplier's naive idea as a profound intellectual discovery, and proceeded to prepare a

seven-thousand-square foot information exhibit for display throughout the world, under the highly publicized title, "People's Capitalism." President Eisenhower was persuaded to dignify the exhibit by visiting it personally when it was first displayed in Washington, by coincidence at Congressional appropriation time.

It is doubtful that the camouflage of "big names" will suffice long to conceal from the American public the utter failure of the ill-conceived and haphazard USIA program, into which Washington has already pumped more than \$700,000,000 of taxpayer's money. In view of the dismal and all too often harmful record of the Agency, it does not need more money. It requires tens of millions less than it is now spending. This Agency urgently needs quality, elimination of self-promotion, concentration, common sense and skillful direction.

More than money and propaganda are involved. There is always present the danger that ill-conceived and misguided propaganda activities could spark an incident that might result in the needless loss of millions of young American lives.

That is the real and vital matter at stake. That is the reason why the operations of this Agency should be investigated by a special committee of Congress at the earliest possible time.



IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION



Jerks on Wheels

by Russell Maguire

HARDLY A WEEK goes by that some group or organization does not go all-out to solve the Traffic Problem. Like the rest of us, they realize that the automobile has brought as many problems as it has pleasures, and that if something isn't done soon to clear the highways and reduce deaths and injuries, half of us will wind up in a state of frustrated immobility while the other half will wind up in the hospital.

Among the latest outfits to tackle the Traffic Problem is the Connecticut State Police, who recently announced a six months inquiry into what causes accidents on the Merritt Parkway, the dual super-highway that leads from New York City into New England. The research program is part of a ten-state investigation directed by the Cornell University Medical College, and results, it is said, may enable automotive engineers to design safer cars.

Now the Connecticut State Po-

lice, the Cornell medicos, and all the other groups which are currently conducting research into traffic mishaps and fatalities are to be highly commended for their spirit, their energy and their objectivity. But unhappily, none of these inquiries will produce constructive results, and for a very simple reason, to wit, that many American drivers are jerks. It should be quite obvious to any interested party that unless the jerks and their jerkery are taken into account, no research program can offer any constructive solution to a menace which is growing in intensity every day.

Now why has the jerk equation been left out of the experts' calculations? Simply because in our famed democracy, it is undemocratic to suggest that a fellow citizen is a jerk, since by so suggesting, we do damage to the myth that "all men are equal." However, it is patent that *all* drivers are by no means equal, and until we face up to this

demonstrable fact, accidents will increase, injuries will mount and the cemetery-lot salesmen will continue to do an enviable business.

Although no worthwhile estimates are available, we would calculate that about 50 percent of today's drivers — male and female, young and old — are jerks, and by that word, we mean precisely what it implies in everyday language. A jerk, to be brief, is a stupid and presumptuous fool whose character and habits should be reasonably well known by now to the American public. He may, of course, be faithful to his wife, kind to his children, hospitable to his friends, and an asset to his business and his community. But put him behind the wheel of a car and he becomes a jerk, which means that he is a moron on the loose, heedless of wife, family, friends and community — in short, an idiot at the controls of one of the most lethal machines ever devised by the mind of man.

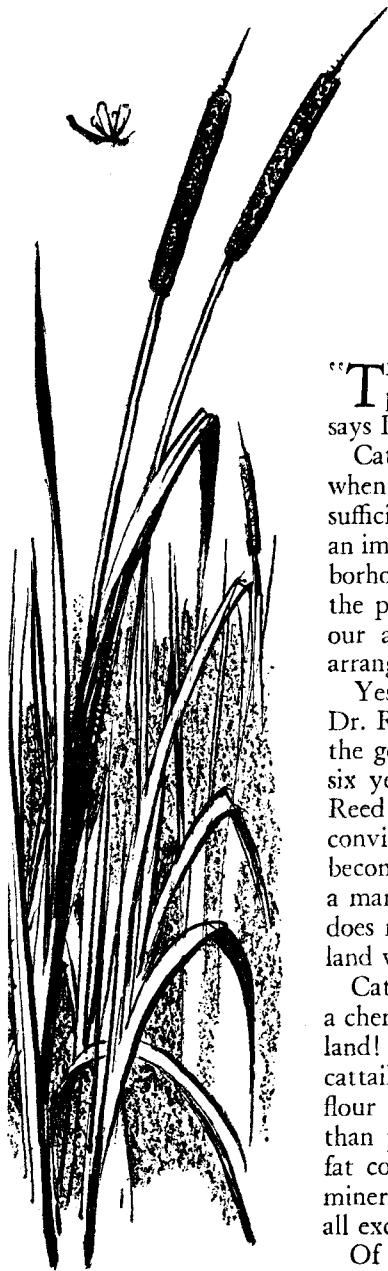
WHAT is it that sets the jerk apart from the good driver? A technical listing of his stupidities and shortcomings would fill ten pages of this magazine, but for generality's sake, it is enough to say here that the jerk at the wheel is contemptuous of traffic regulations, heedless of other's safety, blind to his own well-being, and arrogant of his so-called prerogatives. He observes no rules of the road himself, yet spends most of his

time cursing other motorists for their seeming breaches of the law. From the time he leaves his garage in the morning until he returns at night, his movements are an affront to human decency and a violation of common courtesy.

If, as a result of his antics, he killed himself, few would mourn; but unhappily, he usually kills and maims others — and they are the innocent victims whose names swell the day-to-day casualty lists.

Is there anything that can be done about the jerk on wheels? So far, no expert has come forward with a solution, despite the hundreds of well-meaning inquiries into our traffic miseries. Perhaps, as we said before, nothing can be done, but our hunch is that unless something is done, and done soon, the problem of jerkery will get out of control.

One solution would be the national screening of drivers into two groups: the good ones and the jerks. The former would be allowed to use our modern roads and highways, the latter would be confined to country lanes and logging trails. But how, you ask, would we tell the difference between a good driver and a jerk? Our answer is charmingly simple: Next time you take the family torpedoed out for a spin, watch your own conduct. A few minutes of this, and we believe that you will come up with the answer yourself — an answer which, we warrant, will be as conclusive as it should be helpful.



THE WEED THAT'S A GOLD MINE

By Raymond Schuessler

"THE WORLD'S food problems could be solved in part by growing cattails on a large scale," says Dr. Ernest Reed of Syracuse University.

Cattails? The cattails we used to pick and dry, when we were children, and — if our parents were sufficiently broadminded — dip in kerosene for an impromptu torchlight parade around the neighborhood? The cattails grandma kept in a vase in the parlor for winter decoration? The weeds that our aunts, in the 'twenties, painted silver and arranged in bouquets?

Yes, the same lowly cattails. And, according to Dr. Reed, they may turn out to be as valuable as the golden wheat fields of the middle west. After six years of research at Syracuse University, Dr. Reed and his assistant, Leland C. Marsh, are convinced that growing the spiked plant will become a highly-profitable business. "There isn't a market yet," says Marsh. "But, when industry does recognize the cattails' potential value, much land will be turned over at a good profit."

Cattails are a food, a fodder, a fiber, an oil, a wax, a chemical, a drug, a purifier and a fertilizer of the land! A chemical analysis of flour made from cattail root showed that it has more protein than flour made from corn or rice but slightly less than potato or wheat flour. That it is highest in fat content and that only potato flour has more minerals. That it has a lower water content than all except wheat flour.

Of course, the readiness with which a plant is

accepted as food depends on its taste. Researchers compare cattail flour with potato flour for taste, and offer a batch of cattail cookies, which they mixed up, as one example of the way in which it can be used.

The yield of flour from cattail roots is enormous. Scientists found that they could harvest 140 tons of roots per acre — more than ten times the yield of potatoes per acre. The dry weight, as measured by the tons of flour which could be produced, is 32 tons. A fermentation study proved that 21 percent of the dry weight of cattail flour can be converted to ethyl alcohol. In fact, in Rumania recently, the cattail has been used to make whiskey.

The limited natural sources of many foreign countries are attracting serious research to the plant. Reports which have come out of Russia indicate that scientists there have faith in the cattail as an excellent source of food and by-products. It has been eaten as a famine food in Russia and India, as well as having been once an item of diet for the American Indians.

THE CATTAIL is potentially the source of a vast amount of fiber, which may become vital to the Americas in the event that our supply of jute is ever cut off by war. Through a chemical process, soft fibers up to 12 feet long have been produced. The yield is high when compared with other vegetable

fiber-producing plants. Forty percent of the dry weight of a cattail can be redeemed in fiber, whereas other fiber-producing plants which cattails could replace have a fiber yield of about six percent of their total weight.

Scientists stress that cattail fiber does not have the strength of hemp or flax, but that it could fill some of the need for softer fibers, and could be used for most of the purposes that jute is today — to stuff furniture and to make string, burlap and webbing.

Also extracted from the stem is an adhesive substance, polysaccharide. Research is being planned to see if it can be used as an adhesive and sizing for paper, and as a smoothing agent for products, such as facial and shaving creams, which contain polysaccharides.

The French produced ethyl alcohol experimentally from carbohydrates in the stem of the weed and explored the possibilities of using fibers from the root and stem for paper-making. Under Hitler's regime, the Germans built homes using boards of cattail fiber as structural material and as insulation.

The cattail flower, or "spike," is potentially valuable, too. A Chicago company processed several million pounds of the fluffy, fibrous portion of the spike for life jackets, to stuff baseballs, for mattresses, and other similar purposes. It also compressed the fluff into an excellent sound-and-heat-insulating board. It was

nearly as cheap to produce as cotton.

The seeds left over from the manufacturing process, so small they look like specks of dust on a piece of white paper, have three possible uses: (1) A drying oil, similar to linseed oil, is extracted from the seeds — and might be refined for cooking purposes; (2) A wax, can be produced from this oil; (3) Seed meal, remaining after the oil is extracted, is a good cattle or chicken feed.

SINCE it was known that the Chinese used cattail seeds as a drug, one researcher found that *Penicillium* and some other molds of the Fungi Imperfecti group grow as well on cattail flour and water as on any other standard laboratory nutrient.

Until cattails become big business, the primary supply will be from swamp and marshy areas. A wartime survey, made when the country was short of kapok and it was discovered that cattail fluff was an excellent substitute, showed that the United States had about 140,000 square miles of swamp land with cattail stands of varying densities. The report speculated that, if all available cattails in this country were processed, approximately 34,000,000 pounds of oil could be extracted from the seeds, leaving 166,000,000 pounds of meal for cattle or chickens.

Although it may seem simpler to go to the swamps and harvest the wild cattails, it would be easier and more profitable to harvest the cat-

tails mechanically if grown on firm ground. Studies have shown that we can get a larger crop by cultivating the cattail and that it can be grown on lands unsuitable for other crops, providing the land can be irrigated. Cattails need ample water but do not require swamp conditions.

Probably the best method of planting large areas of land with cattails would be by spraying the tiny seeds on the soil from airplanes. The method would be easy, fast and inexpensive. One cattail spike would produce enough seed to plant six acres, allowing for one seed every square foot. The seeds are so fine that the 300,000 fertile seeds needed for the six acres would weigh only one-third of an ounce. Though nature takes as long as six months to germinate the seed, scientists have found a method of extracting the fertile seeds from the spike and making them germinate within 48 hours.

Harvesting is almost a year-round business. In the north, plants begin to emerge from the water around April 1, and by the end of July they range from eight to 15 feet in height. The leaves can be harvested from July until the first frost, and the stalks and spikes from September 1 to May 15. Two crops can be harvested each year in the South.

Once cattails are established successfully they crowd out all competition, so there is no weeding problem. Unlike other plants, no insects or molds are known to interfere

with their growth to any extent. They are perennial plants, which spread rapidly. As many as 35 off-sets from one plant in a growing season have been counted, and as many as three acres of cattails have been judged to be all one plant. A good cattail stand will average about 86,000 stems per acre.

DR. REED suggests that conservation experts should take more interest in the cattail. Four species of cattails are grown in this country; ten in other parts of the world.

One of the species, which grows in Egypt, thrives in salt water. The Egyptians have discovered that, when they plant it on the delta where the Nile meets the Mediterranean, the cattail will make the soil less salty, and it can then be used for other crops.

If this species were to be planted in the coastal areas of Texas and Louisiana, which periodically are overrun by salt water, the cattails might purify the land and make it workable. This could give the country thousands of additional acres of land on which crops could be produced.

Cattails might even help reclaim some of the country's submarginal lands, since they enrich the land on which they grow. Some of the richest soil in North America was created by decaying cattail stands.

It will soon be extremely worthwhile bringing this plant out of the swamp and cultivating it just as corn and cotton are cultivated today. In an age of science, we must give the plant the importance it is due, and recognize it for what it is — a potential goldmine."



Kids Nowadays

» Good Old Days: When a teen-ager went into the garage and came out with the lawn mower.

» A modern child doesn't even believe that the stork brings baby storks.
— KIPLINGER MAGAZINE, *Changing Times*

» The little boy next door is an avid radio and TV fan at five. It is his nightly habit to go to sleep with his little radio playing beside the bed. The other night his mother was hearing his prayers to the usual soft musical background. She was giving his words only casual attention until she was snapped alert by his solemn conclusion, ". . . and God bless everybody, Amen and FM."
— BILL ARTER

The Southern California Riddle

by R. DeWitt Miller

IT WAS after midnight and fog coiled limply upon itself when I reached the abandoned Temple of Peace, built many wars ago. Once, this spot on a point of land jutting into the Pacific had been one of the enchanted places of Southern California. Here men and women had struggled for new spiritual enlightenment.

A side door of the building was half open, sagging on rust-gnawed hinges. On a sudden impulse I entered and stood in the center of the fantastic domed room. Many hopes and high striving had been concentrated here. What remained? Nothing that I could sense.

What remained of all the other cults, occult groups, the followers of new revelations and new prophets, which had flourished against the kaleidoscopic background of the Southern California region? What would remain of those which flourish today? Why should this yearning towards new horizons, this unshakable faith in a truer understanding of man and his destiny, contribute so little to solid parapsychological research?

I was born in Southern California, and have lived here all of my life. I am very familiar with what I will call the "heterogeneous occultism" which is characteristic of the region. But I do not pretend to understand either the country or its people's approach to psychic phenomena. Therefore, this article must be considered only as one man's thoughts concerning a riddle which has, and still does, baffle all respectable Sphinxes.

The whole matter is so complex that you can begin anywhere. But I think the core of the puzzle probably is "The Belief In The Chosen Land."

How the idea that Southern California is the land of destiny came into being involves factors far deeper than the propaganda of the real-estate agents. The belief has its roots in the conception of "westward the course of civilization makes its way." That was practically the battle cry of the great trek across the continent.

Southern California was different. People there dressed differently, lived differently, thought differ-

ently. In brief years this magic land had spawned the motion picture industry, the airplane industry, and the industry of exaggeration. Here were the world's largest telescope, the most advanced scientists. Here too were the greatest athletes the world had known, the most beautiful women, the finest artists.

Southern California is a land of harsh, brutal contrasts, of downpours and merciless sun, of blinding colors and sudden darkness which claps down without the benison of twilight. Is it strange, then, that adherents of many faiths should believe that this land was destined to produce a New Revelation?

But Southern California is all or nothing. Why stop with one New Revelation? Why not a score? Simple enough. And the revelations came.

TODAY, the belief in reincarnation is a basic tenet of a majority of Southern California occult-psychic groups. It is also, in my opinion, one of the major reasons for the lack of formal parapsychological research in this region.

The doctrine of reincarnation is — at least in its more philosophically advanced forms — an ethical and spiritual conception of profound significance. Many of mankind's spiritual leaders have adhered to it. It has brought peace of mind to untold millions of men and women who would otherwise be tortured by the apparent injustices of the world around them. But whether or not

the reincarnation conception contains the basis of a more enlightening approach to ultimate reality, a preoccupation with this doctrine is not conducive to interest in scientific parapsychology.

Just as unrestrained speculation concerning reincarnation is more romantic and exciting than painstaking parapsychological research, so is peering into the future more thrilling than trying to understand the present. Although there is no reliable estimate as to the number of professional prophets in Southern California, it is a safe bet that they are more numerous here than in any other region in the United States — if not the world.

It is not my intention to enter into a discussion concerning the ethics of fortune-telling. That a great many persons pay astrologers and seers for prophecies of doubtful authenticity is simply a fact. Whether the purchasers of such information gain or lose in happiness is a matter for speculation. The point I wish to make is that the money paid soothsayers is not contributed to organized parapsychological research.

Again we are faced with the very nature of the Southern California scene. It is not a land of compromise. Either you go to the newest prophet and find out about everything in heaven and earth, or you denounce anything supernatural as pure fraud and join the Freethinkers.

In many parts of the world, formal

spiritualism has had a mitigating effect on uninhibited activities of messiahs and thaumaturgists. Formal spiritualism is a worldwide and more or less organized movement. Quite naturally, it does not enjoy having its cause dragged in the dirt by every local bumpkin who, being out of other employment, sets himself up as the latest divine mouth-piece.

I well realize that spiritualism and parapsychology are usually in disagreement — to put it mildly. But it remains true that spiritualism has been the source of much of the data studied by parapsychology. Also, spiritualism adopts a pragmatic rather than a mystical approach. On the other hand, the spiritualists in their struggle with orthodox disbelief make continuous use of the findings and prestige of parapsychology.

THERE are indications that in the not too distant future, spiritualism and parapsychology will find a mutually satisfactory meeting ground. I certainly hope this occurs — and the sooner, the better.

Occasionally, Southern California will enrich parapsychology by some dramatic evidence of supernormal activity. But such work is usually the product of a single medium or researcher — not of an organized group. The infra-red motion picture film showing table levitation through the mediumship of Sophia Williams is a recent example of such work.

Not only is the evidence for supernormal physical phenomena very strong, but the film is of the greatest importance in the development of *motion picture* photography of dark séances. However, it was the result of an isolated investigation in connection with a television broadcast, not part of organized and integrated research.

A logical center for parapsychological research would seem to be the University of California at Los Angeles, and the University of Southern California. The recent increase of academic recognition of parapsychology, combined with the intense interest in the supernormal displayed in Southern California, would appear to make such a development natural. However, neither university has as yet shown the slightest interest in parapsychology.

In an effort to shed some light on this state of affairs, I wrote the following letter to the Chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles, and the President of the University of Southern California:

"I have been assigned by *Tomorrow* magazine to write an article dealing with the status of parapsychology in Southern California. As you no doubt know, *Tomorrow* is the official publication of the Parapsychology Foundation, an international organization with offices at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. I am enclosing a report of the Foundation, which I hope you will find of interest.

"*Tomorrow* is particularly anxious for me to obtain the reactions of both the University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles to the possibility of establishing a Chair of Parapsychology — such as has been established at Duke University, Columbia University, etc. Therefore, I should appreciate your answering the following:

"1. Would you favor the establishment of a Chair of Parapsychology if this were in any way feasible at present?

"2. Would you favor the establishment of a Chair of Parapsychology if sufficient funds were provided through private capital?"

I received negative answers to both letters. Hence, the prospects certainly do not seem encouraging — particularly to those willing to donate funds. Perhaps it may not always be so. But that is the present attitude of the two major universities.

THERE is no use to go on pretending that parapsychology has no academic standing. In the first place, it has the credentials; in the second

place, it already has the standing. It is not a case of the horse having been already stolen. The barn is being torn down.

Parapsychology represents the groping fingers of the hand of the future. But parapsychology must not lose contact with its source of power. That source is the present upsurge of what I may call — for lack of a better term — "spiritual yearning." I know that many parapsychologists will accuse me of indulging in the black art of inadequate semantics. I see no way around it. Spiritual yearning — or whatever you want to call it — is a very real force.

Nowhere in America is this force more evident than in Southern California. Yet it is producing practically no solid, integrated parapsychological research. However, Southern California has always worked out things in its own way — often with surprisingly fruitful results.

The collapse of materialism has left a great deal of dust in the air. When it settles, we may see things more clearly — even the Southern California riddle.



*'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not.* — Shakespeare

» A man was describing a terrible nightmare. "Imagine," he said in a horrified voice, "I dreamed that my wife and Marilyn Monroe were fighting over me — and my wife was winning!" — *Leroy Cartwright*

DANGER!

ATOMIC REACTOR

by **David Shea Teeple**

THE LOCATION of large scale power producing atomic reactors in densely populated areas of the United States is an unwarranted hazard. The author is not an alarmist. He is confident that the day will come when atomic reactors will provide vast amounts of electrical energy. He is realistic, however, and merely states some of the facts of atomic life. The American people are entitled to get answers from the organized and distinguished group who are determined to carry out and expand the present atomic power program.

At the present stage of the reactor "art," which Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss on November 9, 1955, described as "primitive," there is no valid compelling reason why our people should be exposed to the inherent dangers involved.

There are two significant points to be made. First, the operation of an atomic reactor involves intrinsic dangers — some of which we fully understand — some of which need

further study. We have never experienced a large producing reactor "running wild." There is every conceivable safety device installed in reactors to see that an "excursion" of this nature does not occur.

There is ample evidence to document the hazards involved in reactor operation. The following citation, however, should be sufficient:

In 1955 the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy appointed a panel known as the McKinney Panel to study the impact of the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Members of the Panel were:

Chairman, Robert McKinney, Editor and Publisher, *Santa Fe New Mexican*. Former Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Ernest R. Breech, Chairman of the Board, Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan; George R. Brown, Brown and Root, constructors, Houston, Chairman, Texas Eastern Transmission Co., Former member, President's Materials Policy Commission; Sutherland C. Dows, President and Chairman, Iowa Electric Light and Power

Company, Cedar Rapids; John R. Dunning, Physicist, Dean of Engineering, Columbia University, Director, Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies; Frank M. Folsom, President, Radio Corporation of America, New York City; T. Keith Glennan, President, Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Former member of Atomic Energy Commission; Samuel B. Morris, General Manager and Chief Engineer, Department of Water and Power, City of Los Angeles, Civil and hydraulic engineer, geophysicist, Former member Material Resources Planning Board and President's Water Resources Policy Commission.

THE PANEL reported to the Congress and the American people in February 1956. Their comments are contained in a report of 155 pages and a volume of background material of testimony consisting of 749 pages. This is a very responsible and informed group, and their comments concerning reactor hazards cannot be taken lightly. They state:

... "A nuclear reactor's getting out of control may, under special conditions, cause widespread injury to people and loss of use of property because of radioactive contamination. These events should not occur if design and operating standards are properly established and effectively enforced. Yet, men make mistakes and accidents happen."

A further acknowledgement of the inherent danger of reactor operation is the present impossibility of

securing adequate insurance against possible accidents. Again the McKinney Panel reports:

... "The risks incurred run from minor health hazards risked by direct employees to the extremes of potential damage resulting from runaway atomic power plants. These upper damage limits could theoretically include the severe radioactive contamination of expensive urban and industrial areas and radiation injury to millions of persons — injury which might not be able to be evaluated completely for decades or even generations.

"The more widely discussed insurance problem, however, is that relating to the liability of licensees operating atomic power plants which might theoretically go out of control and shower nearby cities or the countryside with radioactive materials.

"No 100% safe power reactor has as yet been conceived; 99.99% safe may not be enough. While every precaution has been taken in reactor and component designs to assure safety, man-made devices and controls are involved. Unforeseen malfunctions may occur, leading to reactor or plant destruction.

"Experience on reactor accidents is meager. Research on this problem is barely started. Important background data has been obtained as a result of an accident involving a research reactor in Canada, and from a deliberate 'runaway' reactor experiment conducted by the Commission. From this limited base, it has been concluded that damage may range from local contamination

of the reactor structure to contamination of an area of several square miles or more if weather conditions contribute to dispersal and fallout of radioactive particles. The results seem to range from the rough equivalent of partial or complete destruction of a plant by fire to events on the scale of the Texas City disaster. The maximum effects on high industrial or population concentration may be far-reaching in terms of radioactive contamination and radiation exposure." . . .

The Panel concluded:

"The possible hazards from peaceful uses of atomic energy range from minor to catastrophic." . . .

Their recommendation was:

"... that the Commission be encouraged to step up its program of research into the causes, effects, and control of atomic hazards; the 2 or 3 years remaining before any full-scale 'demonstration' atomic power-plant comes into operation must be used to obtain the maximum amount of information in order that both those concerned with protection against harmful levels of radiation and those concerned with providing insurance to cover such damage as may occur can have the most advanced knowledge possible at the earliest time . . ."

Is it reasonable, in view of these statements, for the American people to demand that the hazards be fully explored prior to the location of reactors near their homes?

No one has a higher respect for the technical competence and proficiency of the skilled scientific personnel who operate reactors. Yet control panels of most reactors contain a red button which those in the trade call a "scram" button and which means just what it says.

SECOND, atomic power is a reality. We have produced it and will continue to do so with ever-increasing efficiency. The question is how do we proceed with the greatest prospect of success. At the present time it is not competitive with conventional fuels in the United States. As a matter of fact the cost is economically prohibitive — thus far in a range of ten to one in most of our industrial areas. Do we promote the science of reactor technology by building a plant at Shipingsport, Pennsylvania, on top of a coal field, which will produce electricity for 50 mills per kilowatt hour as against less than five for coal? According to recent testimony by AEC officials, this reactor will lose over \$30 million per year in operating costs which is equal to the entire plant investment. If the power from this reactor were sold to the consumer for its true cost of production, the present per month electric bill would run close to \$100.00.

Should we proceed, as some have suggested, and have the Government finance other *uneconomic* atomic power generating systems

throughout the country? Private industry, according to recent testimony, will not put up the money since it now senses that there is little prospect of return on its investment in the foreseeable future.

Should we build uneconomic non-competitive reactors in foreign countries merely to prove that we have harnessed the atom for peace and are not atomic war mongers as the Soviets say? Wouldn't we look rather stupid if a few years from now the Soviets offer to replace any we build with ones that can operate at a profit?

It seems to me that there is an alternate and sensible course of action that would be much more fruitful.

At the present time there are many reactor concepts being explored. Names which are now strange will some day be household words. We need to study all of the operating characteristics of pressurized water; boiling water; swimming pool; homogeneous; heavy water; graphite; sodium graphite; liquid metal cooled; liquid fuel; and fast breeder reactors. At the present time we do not even know which type may prove the most desirable.

I favor a vigorous reactor program — for research, for propulsion

and for power. Large and small reactors should and must be built. Common sense, in my opinion, demands that the large reactors should be built in isolated sites at Government expense. They should be operated only so long as they contribute to reactor technology and then should be rebuilt, replaced or maintained only for training purposes.

American technology can in the days ahead close the gap between power from conventional fuels and the atom. When we have a legitimate economical product, it should be used for human welfare both at home and abroad. We don't have the product now. Why try to say we have? Why not devote more time and money getting the product and less time in publicity stunts? In the meantime, is it too much to ask that we not subject certain segments of our population to potential hazards that on the record have not been properly evaluated. Those who are the most anxious to promote the cause of atomic power don't seem to realize that any large scale accident could set the program back many years. Who is going to take the responsibility if anything happens a year or two from now at Shippingsport? Not me, brother!

» Many New York City party-givers are cheered because harp music is now the fad there. Formerly, too many guests were sneaking in carrying concealed harmonicas.



RAILROAD BOOM TOWN

by Lawrence Bell

ALL THE YEAR LONG, from January through the late Summer, the Texas town in which I sojourned as a youth would be so dead you could almost have emptied a machine-gun down Main Street without hitting anybody. The railroad, whose freight terminal and repair shops were the sole reasons for the town's existence would be running only two or three trains a day; the regular manifest freights, one each way, and the locals, which took three or four days to complete a trip because of stopping at every cowpath to drop off a case of over-alls or pitchfork handles consigned to some country store. Nine-tenths of the railroad men would be on the extra board or laid off together, and they would spend most of their time sitting in the Athens Café, drinking black coffee, swapping lies, and debating their respective prowesses at firing boilers, or whatever other feats by which they gauged efficiency.

During these months everybody lived on credit, and the stores wouldn't do enough cash business to pay the help. They would all be deserted save for the loafers, who seemed to be included with the fixtures, and the occasional farmers who had come into town to buy something that was too much trouble to raise themselves. Even the bootleggers extended credit, this gesture being due not so much to a spirit of benevolence as to the pressure of competition.

At least a third of the surrounding farmers operated stills, and since they were out for every dollar they could lay a hand on, no ethical compunctions restrained them from selling a quart or half-gallon, at wholesale prices, to anybody not in the pay of the enforcement agents. As a consequence, the two dozen bootleggers who had replaced the town's two dozen saloons had either to give tick to steady customers or lose

them altogether to the farmer-distillers, who would accept discarded clothing, second-hand automobile parts, or even a persuasive argument in lieu of cash. Such debts were rarely beaten, however, whisky being too important as a cure-all. Not only was it efficacious for bodily ailments, scotching malaria in the Summer and pneumonia in the Winter, but for maladies of the psyche as well: without regular doses of the stuff, most of the railroad men would have found the town intolerable, and decamped forthwith. Thus, while the grocers, drygoods merchants, and even the banks were rooked from time to time, the bootleggers could be assured of collecting their due when the railroad's business picked up in the Fall.

THE RAILROAD was a short-line outfit, owned jointly by two of the big trunk lines and treated by both as a sort of stepchild: they forgot about it nine months out of the year, letting the tracks rust while everyone dependent upon the road for a living got along as best he could. But in the Fall, when the wheat had been harvested in the North and West, they would remember owning it because it was fifty miles shorter to the Gulf ports than any other line in the State: then they would send down a couple of dozen big "900" locomotives to replace the little dinkies that pulled the regular trains, and the town would come to life.

One day everybody would be sitting around bellyaching about hard times, and then Jiggs Hall, the peg-legged call boy, would come clumping into the Athens or the Pastime Domino Parlor, looking for a couple of crews to take an extra North. "The fust wheat's comin'," Jiggs would announce. "A hunnerd cars already waitin' in the yards at Fo't Wuth now, and the place will be lousy with it inside of a week."

In two or three days the men on the extra board would all have regular runs, and then Old Man McCormack, the general superintendent, would start sending wires to all the men on the seniority list to report back for duty. He would wait until the last possible source of help had been exhausted before he began hiring boomers, as migratory trainmen were called. He regarded the boomers as unreliable, and was given to saying that they were a passel of no-good bums who couldn't tell a coupling pin from a mule on the right-of-way. He was partly right: a lot of amateurs managed to hire out each Fall by using bogus service papers bought from a document forger in Fort Worth, but they seldom lasted more than one trip. The real boomers, experienced railroad men who just couldn't or wouldn't stay in one place, had nothing but contempt for these greenhorns, although they themselves included railroading among a variety of pursuits that ranged from hoboing to training race horses.

THE BOOMERS' versatility, however, along with their inclination to quit jobs good for at least \$15 a day right in the middle of a boom, was the real reason for Old Man McCormack's reluctance to hire them; his sneers at their lack of experience were largely bombast, and he knew it. The Old Man had spent thirty years in the service of one of the big roads, and he simply couldn't understand why everybody else wasn't similarly filled with the same love for railroading.

So, despite Old Man McCormack's denunciations, he would have to hire the boomers before the wheat was all moved. Most of the men on the seniority list would report, but still the yards would be jammed with loaded cars. Sometimes there would be a dozen trains tied up on the main line, waiting for the tracks to clear, and the Old Man would be running up and down the yards, cussing loudly enough to be heard a quarter-mile away, while the crews would sit back and take things easy, drawing overtime without having to hit a lick. This would go on for a week or two, with the Old Man sending wires all over Texas trying to borrow men from other roads. He would even persuade men he knew to take leaves of absence from their regular jobs and come to work for him.

But he still wouldn't have enough hands to run the trains, and after hearing everybody from the yardmasters on down complain that they

were going crazy trying to keep the main line clear, he would give in, first delivering a tirade against tramp railroaders that would last for an hour or more. "All right, then," he would yell, "go ahead and hire every Dallas bootlegger and jailbird that comes in here claiming he's a railroad man! Maybe if a couple of hundred shows up, maybe there will be a dozen out of the lot with sense enough to just set still and pretend they know what they're doing so we won't be breaking the law by not having a full crew."

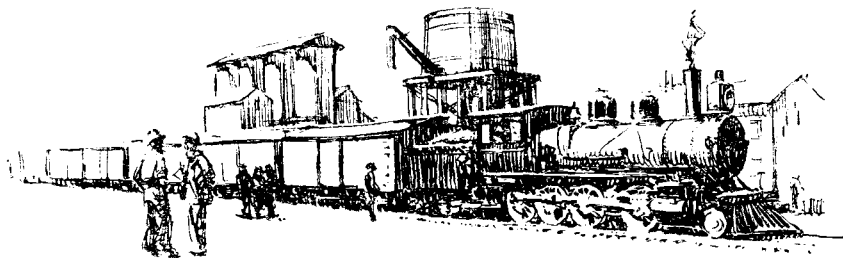
His dispatcher would wag his head all the time the Old Man was letting off steam. The Old Man always blew up like that every year, and then he would start hitting the bottle every thirty minutes instead of every hour or two, and wouldn't get completely sober until business had fallen off enough to cut the board clear of the last boomer.

SO THE CALL would go out, and the next day the boomers would begin swarming into town. Some of them would arrive on the passenger trains, having been hired in Fort Worth or Houston and accordingly been given free transportation, but hardly any of them would have anything more in the way of baggage than the clothes on their backs. They were accustomed to the deduction-order system of buying what they needed, this being a universal practice in railroad towns, and they seemed to expect getting skinned.

Once they had their names on the payroll, most of them would head for the commissary, as they called the clothing store which was favored with the deduction-order franchise, and doll themselves up in blue serge suits and new tan shoes and black hats, wearing the latter increased, high-roller style.

They paid for their lodging and meals the same way; they all boarded at the Athens Café, which would take on two or three country girls as extra waitresses during the rush. But getting lodging was more difficult.

When Old Lady Green first came to town and took over the Commercial she had refused to rent rooms to railroad men, regardless of whether they were tramp brakemen or some of the officials who rode up and down the line in private cars. She could swear more terribly than any man, and she would stand in the lobby, reviling the men as they passed by. If one of them was rash enough to choose her sidewalk as a loafing place she would run out and give him such an ear-blistering that he would be incapable of a retort and move on.



Most of the rooming houses either wouldn't take them in, or else would charge outrageous rates, so they had to choose between the Terminal Hotel and the Commercial House. The Terminal was an ancient two-story frame house that a self-respecting farmer wouldn't have used for a barn, and the Commercial was run by an old maid named Green, who, if she was not downright crazy as everybody claimed, was at least more than a trifle eccentric.

THE Commercial House was hardly less a flea-bag than the Terminal, but Old Lady Green acted as though it were the caravansary of kings. She despised railroad men because the noise from the switch engines working in the yards made her guests refuse to take rooms on the side nearest the tracks, and she let down the bars against them only when a fireman blew into town who recognized her as the former madam of a bawdyhouse in Montana. The

fireman denounced her to her face, charging that she had made every dime she had by catering to the libidos of tallowpots and switchmen, and moreover, had hogged the profits of her girls. In the face of this accusation, which she knew everybody in town would believe whether true or not, the old girl started taking the rails.

A few of the younger boomers considered themselves hot sports, and instead of hanging around the Athens Café or the yard office they would ease on up Main Street and take position in front of the Palace Confectionery, thus giving competition to the local dudes in their flirtations with the young girls who flocked downtown every afternoon when school let out.

MOST of the boomers, however, were clannish fellows who stuck pretty closely to themselves. They had little use for the townspeople, whom they called hayseeds and home guards, and when they were on their rest they stood together in little groups, talking. Nearly all of them were known to each other from other places they had worked. They didn't bother much with women, beyond kidding the country waitresses or dating up the Commercial House girls, and they were on the whole more conversant with the fundamental decencies than were a majority of the townfolk who decried their lack of morals.

One time when a fellow who had hired out as a switchman was discovered to be sharing the earnings of a girl he had brought to town with him and installed in the Commercial House, a couple of brakemen gave him such a working over that he was three weeks getting out of the hospital. The brakemen were arrested and fined for fighting, disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, and drunkenness, the thirty or forty citizens who were enthusiastic spectators having become indignant complainants when they cooled off enough to realize that the main street of their city had been the scene of a brawl between men who were probably fugitives from justice.

The brakemen weren't drunk, but it was the custom to add drunkenness to any other crime for which the boomers might be hauled in, partly because of the town's pious conviction that they scorned all nourishment save booze and narcotics, and partly because the arresting officers and the trial judge each received a percentage of the fines as their fees.

This system resulted in bitter competition between the city marshal, whose prisoners were tried by the mayor, and the precinct constable, who haled his victims before the justice of the peace. Sometimes the rival peace officers would cooperate, as in bringing to book the participants of a negro dice game or the operators of a still, but most of the time they operated independ-

ently as the fees were too small when split so many ways. Somehow it never occurred to them to file charges in both courts, which not only would have inflicted double punishment on the miscreants, but would have made collective criminal hunting profitable as well as convenient.

RATHER than work together for the commonweal, however, the two divisions of the law would instead deputize two or three of their relatives during the boom seasons. These were for the most part loutish countrymen who made a pretense of farming, but actually subsisted by selling white mule to high-school boys who couldn't buy the stuff from reputable bootleggers. During their tenures as deputies they received a cut of the fines, the same as if the marshall and constable had split the money between themselves, but the money stayed in the family; besides, the kinsmen deputies continued their regular bootlegging, using a negro or another relative to perform the actual contacting of customers. It was considered not only ingenious, but quite ethical, for a deputy's agent to drum up a sale to one of the boomers, who would then be arrested by the deputy himself for possession of intoxicants and, naturally, drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Sometimes the boomers would not submit peaceably to this unique shakedown. One night the constable

and his brother-in-law deputy tried to arrest a fireman as he sat in the Athens, and the fireman, a gigantic red-haired man who said afterwards that he had done a little heavy-weight prizefighting at various times, almost killed them both before the marshal and his staff came reluctantly to the rescue. Two other boomers waded in to help the fireman and there was a free-for-all that lasted for nearly an hour and virtually wrecked the restaurant. The red-haired fireman was still going strong, though he had been struck with chairs and gun butts, and might have been battling yet if Old Man McCormack hadn't come running in and called him off. It turned out that the fireman had worked for the Old Man for a long time on another railroad, and that the Old Man knew him to be a teetotaler — he had bought the whisky for his ailing roommate and had already taken it to their room before the Law grabbed him.

The fireman and the two others who pitched in with him were bounced, because the company regulations called for the automatic dismissal of any employee who became entangled with the Law, but the Old Man hired them back two hours later under aliases. Though he didn't have a very high opinion of rails who wouldn't stay on one job, he had even less tolerance for the constabulary, whom he designated, with vast contempt, as "Hawkshaws." He would not allow

them to set foot on railroad property and when on one occasion he caught the constable and the nephew who was his deputy that Fall pulling a couple of kids off a freight, he had the yard bull arrest them for trespass and ordered out an extra to haul them over to the county seat, locked in an empty refrigerator car.

He was unaware, or so he swore when the men stumbled from the car two hours later with their clothing frozen to their bodies, that the car had been iced that afternoon preparatory to being loaded with dressed veal. The constable made a lot of threats when he thawed out, but the Old Man threatened in turn to have the five-hundred-odd employees of the road remove him from office by petition, so he quieted down and pleaded guilty to the trespass charge and paid a \$50 fine.

Because of the Old Man's debarring of the police force, the railroad yard was the favorite gathering place of the town's sporting element, and was generally livelier at night than Main Street. There would always be at least one crap or poker game in one of the cabooses, and on pay days there would be a dozen or more. The boomers got the habit of doing their drinking there, and they would line up along the edge of the freight house platform, with a half-gallon fruit jar for a wassail bowl, while the police force hid in the adjoining lumber yard, hoping one of the celebrators would get drunk enough to stagger out of the neutral

zone, whereupon he could be seized and dragged into court. The boomers grew pretty cagey, however, so the law usually had to content itself with sending an emissary in to see if the jug didn't need refilling.

THE BOOM generally stopped as abruptly as it had started. Crews reporting for duty would often find that their trains had been cancelled and that the board had been cut instead. When the ax fell the boomers would drop their company-issue tin lanterns, give their gloves to the negro roustabouts, and stampede the timekeeper's office to draw their pay. They evinced little if any regret at being cast loose from toil, having worked for two or three months with no time off excepting the eight hours rest between trips that the law required, and upon receiving their wages, or what was left of them after the various deductions had been made, they would celebrate their emancipation in a manner that would provide the town loafers with anecdotal fodder until the next boom rolled around. There would always be a dozen or so fistfights between the boomers and the less cautious of the townsmen, as the boom's end climaxed the antagonism felt mutually by both sides. The townspeople reasoned that with no jobs to divert them, the rails might get out of hand and take the town apart, while the boomers felt that since they had submitted to kangaroo justice, bilking by the

tradesmen, and to being held up by parents as horrible examples of what happened to young men who chose railroading as a career, they were entitled to at least one retaliatory gesture.

On these nights the law would absent itself from the town, knowing that with no jobs to hold, the rails would accept jail sentences rather than pay their fines. Then, too, there was the memory of Wichita Joe Leamon, who came to town one Fall and got himself hired as special deputy marshal on his word that he had been a Texas Ranger and, practically singlehanded, had cleaned up Burkburnett during the oil boom days. Wichita Joe carried two guns and a blackjack, and made himself particularly disagreeable that year. And on the day the board was cut he swaggered down to the entrance to the yards and yelled into the men waiting for their pay that he would pistol-whip any or all of them who were still in town after the passenger trains had pulled out. None of them said anything, and when at eight o'clock that night there weren't any drunks on the streets, Wichita Joe took up his stand in front of the Greek's and began bragging about how he had cleaned up the town singlehanded. He was going strong, getting tougher every minute, when from around the corner leading to the depot came a racket that sounded as if fifty people were being skinned alive.

Wichita Joe whipped out both his

pistols and headed for the corner, yelling over his shoulder for the crowd of loafers to stand back and not interfere with the Law. The on-lookers saw him turn the corner, and then a minute or so later they heard two shots fired. After a judicious interval, a group of the more adventurous followed along to see what had happened. They found Wichita Joe lying in the alley, but they were able to identify him only by his two empty holsters. So after that, the law-and-order agencies always observed the end of the boom by temporarily repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and taking to the tall timber to look for stills.

Two days after the boomers had cleared out, the town would go back to sleep, but there would be evidences of their departing celebration in the form of a liberal distribution of moused eyes, and plate-glass windows would usually be broken from having had somebody knocked through them. The consanguineous police reinforcements would disband, resuming their normal pursuits of selling white mule to minors, and the citizenry, solvent once more, would sit back and do nothing for the next nine months or so. Barring the drummers from the Dallas and St. Louis wholesale houses, and the handful of Summer visitors who came only if they were unable to get themselves invited elsewhere, there wouldn't be a strange face in the town until the next boom rolled around.

FROM THE RECORD

Reprints of Memorable Articles from Past Issues
of the
MERCURY

Sports Writers are *Always Wrong*

by Eliot B. Spalding

AMERICAN sports writers are read daily by the most reverent public ever enthralled by any set of literary men since the beginning of time. The morning hallelujahs of the Swamis of Sport are propped up against a million sugar bowls, and their afternoon amens are echoed by straphangers from coast to coast. When it comes to molding public opinion, they put University and Pulpit to shame. Like Aeolus of old, they sit at the controls of a mighty wind machine: they blow hot, and thousands of poor boobs fight their way to the box office; they blow cold, and great spectacles fizzle out into dismal flopers.

The sports writer's year is passed amid a succession of glittering scenes: in gigantic arenas the fastest, strongest, and trickiest of the land vie for his approval. Yet the swami

himself is a far more interesting phenomenon than the combats he describes. A salesman of thrills, he has a talent for being perpetually excited; life to him is either chills or fever, and it is fever more often than chills. He sees everything as twice its normal size and balloons it with the vocabulary of a carnival shill. He thinks of himself as a bored and jaded observer, yet upon the slightest provocation he goes native and howls like a banshee. He prides himself on his expert knowledge, yet in his major predictions he is almost invariably wrong.

Not to go back into unpleasant history any farther than 1936, do you remember Brevity, called by the experts, almost without exception, "The Wonder Horse" and "greater than Man O' War"? Whatever became of him? And what

about the Associated Press poll of baseball writers who overwhelmingly predicted the victory of St. Louis and Detroit in races won by the two New York teams? And "the irresistible Minnesota football machine" — crumpled by Northwestern? And, best of all, the Louis-Schmeling prizefight.

One awe-stricken scribe declared that Louis seemed to be "the most perfect human fighting machine the world at present or perhaps ever had seen"; when the rain caused a twenty-four-hour postponement of the battle, another authority averred that the "big white dope" had "gained a short but merciless reprieve from the sepia headsman," and added that "except for the downpour, Schmeling would have had his hatcheting over and be curing himself in the hospital calm of a downtown hotel where he could take inventory of his agonies, including the general after-effect of a train wreck and a face full of surgical fiddlegut."

When Schmeling knocked Louis out, the blow probably hurt the swamis more than it hurt Joe, but it is doubtful if it did them any lasting good. They slowed down temporarily to lick their wounds and repent of their follies, but this was only the most temporary of a temporary phenomena. For the swami is nothing if not buoyant in spirit. His belief in his powers of prophecy is almost pathological. That he will go on calling them wrong till the

end of time was proved in the Louis-Farr imbroglio, the outcome of which was not correctly predicted by a single swami in America. The plain truth, of course, is that the sports writer, with certain shining exceptions, is not a sports expert at all. He is merely a man with a vocabulary who sits on the outside looking in.

MUCH of his "expert" knowledge the swami gains secondhand by reading "experts" as remote from reality as himself. Thus he names to All-American teams players whom he has never seen in action; and is surprised when they go out for professional football and are bowled over by hill-billy hard guys of whom he never heard. Compelled by fate to be a rolling stone, he gathers scant moss. He must dance attendance on a Davis Cup match today, a swimming meet tomorrow, and a horse race the day after that. Fate compels him to bite off more than he can chew.

And when his predictions go sour, does he stand up and take his beating like a man? Sometimes, but not often. Usually he runs, not walks, for the nearest alibi, emitting a dense smokescreen to cover his dismay. There is more than one way of implying that a contest was in the bag or that the judges had defective eyesight, and the swami is master of them all. The apostle of sport, it seems, is not always a model of sportsmanship himself.

The swami also has a delightful habit of hailing an ordinary athlete as a superman, and then turning on him when he fails to live up to the inflated reputation. Unhappy is the lot of the synthetic superman who fails to deliver in Frank Merriwell fashion: his failure exposes the exaggerated absurdity of the swami's predictions to the public eye, and this — according to the swami's code — is the one unpardonable sin. The seer is touched in a sensitive spot — his vanity — and his reaction is likely to be both violent and vituperative.

This point was well illustrated in Boston during the Spring of 1936 when Tom Yawkey's expensive ball club was hailed in terms that would put a Flag Day orator to shame. On the Sunday before the baseball season opened, one sports writer was quoted in a double-truck headline as stating that the "RED SOX WILL WIN FIRST FLAG SINCE 1918." The story accompanying the headline referred to "our star-studded, platinum-plated Red Sox, first million-dollar club ever assembled."

The players on this fabulous nine were hailed as "our heroes," and "the slugging Foxx, the scintillating Cramer, the colorful Manush, the cocky McNair, and the enigmatic Marcum" came in for special attention. "It doesn't appear to be in the cards," said the author, "for the club ever to be far below the roof." All of which made inspirational reading for the Boston fans.

Yet less than three months later, when the Red Sox were in second place, nine and one-half games behind the Yankees, the same newspaper broke out with a feature article under the heading, "BRAIN-LESS BASEBALL OF RED SOX MAJOR CAUSE OF STUNNING CRASH," in which the hapless players were indicted as follows: "They fall asleep on the base paths, they try to stretch hits when they're way behind, they throw to the wrong bases." And indeed it was not long before another writer in the same vineyard was beginning a story with this unusual lead: "The Red Flops, if they run true to form, will take a swan dive into the second division this afternoon after the Cleveland Indians take another belt at them."

BUT ALTHOUGH he may be a failure as an expert, the swami is a wow as a publicity man. Indeed, there are many who insist that here is where his real talent lies. It is not for nothing that the sports promoters feed him on the fat of the land and send him hampers of liquid fire at Christmas. This largesse bears fruit a hundred-fold in come-on columns and other ingenious box-office bait designed to tease the suckers through the turnstiles.

Under the spell of the promoters, wrestling matches between business partners are heralded as "real grudge battles," and lackadaisical contests between last-place baseball teams are

billed as hot struggles for the top of the second division. The owner of the local ball club will be lauded to the skies for trying to give the city a winning team, when every sports writer in the town knows that the magnate has the ethics of a junk man and will die fighting before he will cough up any real cash to buy a player.

One doesn't have to look very far for a classic example of how the swamis operate to whoop up a heavy-weight title fight. In fact, one has to look no farther than the case of James Braddock, ex-proprietor of the heavyweight crown. Before that surprising day when Braddock took Max Baer into camp, a writer supposed to know stated that Braddock was "just an overgrown light-heavyweight who feels his years and who has been knocked bow-legged by half the followers of *le boxe* in this country."

That was in 1935 and there was little about Jim's victory over Baer that would cause any honest observer to change his mind. Yet two years later when Braddock, who had gone to extremes of pacifism in defense of his title, finally signed with Louis for a title bout, the sport-page literati suddenly began to see great signs of promise in Gentleman Jim. Although they couldn't quite bring themselves to pick him as the winner, they lauded him for his fighting heart, his masterful generalship in the ring, and his lethal right that might win.

This may or may not have been good sports writing, but it was good box office, and that's what counts.

On the morning of every heavy-weight fight, the swamis break out with just-before-the-battle statements from each of the fighters. These statements, in which each man invariably predicts that he will win by a knockout, are couched in English that would do credit to an Oxford don. The comparison between these polished state papers and the "dese an' dose" remarks which the fighters breathe into the microphones after the fight is always startling.

RADIO listeners may be pardoned for wondering whether the champ who croaks over the ether that "I tags him on da button in da foist" can possibly be the same fellow who was quoted in the morning papers as saying: "I intend to wage a clean but aggressive contest and am confident that I shall floor my opponent in an early round."

News from the Spring training camps of big-league ball clubs, and the mid-week dope stories on college football practice, are also among the most inane forms of sports writing. If they serve any useful purpose other than a box-office build-up, it is hard to discover. Even the public, which is notoriously slow to catch on, is growing weary of these evangelistic efforts. The fan has learned that the halfback who runs wild in practice scrimmage on Thursday is

likely to be thrown for a row of butter cakes on Saturday afternoon, and that the rookie third-baseman who can't miss in Florida goes back to Little Rock when the team heads north.

Here is a touching example of the pitiful stuff wired North by industrious baseball scribes: "Failing to adhere to that ancient axiom 'It will never get well if you pick it,' Joe Prize — better known as Pryzbycki when he first hit camp — is walking around with a cocoon on his chin from an infected pimple." Was it for this that Morse invented the telegraph?

DESPITE the evidence that the swami is not necessarily ordained of God to practice his eminent profession, he insists on regarding himself as something more than an ordinary working newspaperman. When he grows philosophical, he thinks of his calling as co-equal with the professions of Medicine, Law, Science, and the practice of the Fine Arts. Having sold the publishers so successfully on the value of sports-writing to growing newsstand circulation, the swami is now selling the public the idea that he is a man of scholarly parts engaged in the practice of a deep, difficult, and socially significant science.

In this connection, there is a common impression that better writing is found on the sports pages of our newspapers than in any other department. The sports writer is al-

lowed more freedom, it is argued, and therefore he turns out a better product. This is one of those happy analyses that would be beautiful if true. Concise writing is good writing, and the swami is anything but concise. Does he come right to the point and tell us that Princeton beat Cornell at football by a score of 41 to 13? Not the swami. He goes into a trance, summons the spirits from the vasty deep, and erupts with something like this:

The pent-up dynamite of Princeton's attack exploded like bursting shellfire in Palmer Stadium today, and the thirsting Tiger went on a scoring rampage that buried Cornell under a 41 to 13 score.

Indeed, it is devoutly to be hoped that the accepted standards of good sports writing do not become the accepted standards of writing in the other department of our newspapers. How would conservative readers of the financial news like to pick up their morning papers and find this staring them in the face?

Striking with devastating fury in the first ten minutes of a sensational directors' meeting here today, President Pug Bickerstaff of the Magenta Bank and Trust Company, a highly-gearred, beautifully co-ordinated financial machine, clawed his competitors badly throughout, giving the greatest display of statistical pyrotechnics ever seen in a local board room. . . .

But weirder things than these

come over the wires during the Fall, and we read of the Gophers bulldogging the Long Horns, the Horned Frogs ham-stringing the Razor Backs, the Mustangs harpooning the Owls. And anyone who will take the trouble to peruse the Sunday sports pages during the football season will be struck with the fact that the sports writers, instead of being fellows with a high degree of originality, employ a standardized and surprisingly uniform patter in describing Saturday's big games.

STADIA are always "mammoth," games are always "thrill-packed" and the spectators are continually being left "limp with excitement." Air attacks are always either "dazzling" or "soundly conceived," a series of first downs is always "a brilliantly sustained offensive," and teams are always "rising to the heights" or making "sensational surges in the closing minutes of the game."

There is no drought of adjectives, the word "brilliant," to mention only one, being found in almost every column. When writers lavish vocabularies like these on a few college boys pushing each other around a plot of grass, one can't help wondering what reservoirs of language they would tap to give an adequate description of the Day of Judgment.

The more one reads the swami's stuff, the more one is convinced that his talk of being a bored and

jaded observer is nothing but a pose, and a pretty transparent one at that. The swami likes to think of himself as a sophisticated fellow unmoved by the thrills he sells to the multitudes; but when the mood is on him, no one can throw a fit like the swami himself.

During the quiet days of the week he may write of sports in ironic vein, but put him at the ring-side or up in a stadium press box on Saturday, and he is capable of a sustained emotional orgy that would put a witch doctor to shame. When the heat is on, he believes his own stuff. Scratch a swami and you will find a sentimentalist nine times out of ten.

The following lines, taken from a description of the Notre Dame victory over Ohio State in 1935, show the heights of mysticism to which a swami may rise when the spirit is on him:

If there is such a thing as an avenue through the clouds down which those who have passed on may gaze at the transient happenings in this earthly theater, old "Rock" and those others up there must have felt their hearts swell at this finish today. The spirit of the "Four Horsemen" finally rode on this field and rode into the sod what, after the first half, the experts were all calling "the greatest team they'd ever seen."

Commenting on the same game, another seer confessed that . . .

the more fanciful sports authors saw visions of George Gipp — others say

they saw Rockne calling those inspired plays. I don't know what it was, but I'm sure it was there.

Indeed, it would be a sobering experience for any swami to go back through the files and see how excited he became five years ago over something that most people forgot within twenty-four hours, and in which no one — not even the swami — has more than a remote interest today. As a matter of fact, it might be a good idea to pass a law making it compulsory for every swami to

re-read his more purple efforts once a year. Such legislation would undoubtedly have wide popular support, except among those who are opposed to cruel and unusual punishments.

But whether the law would produce in the swami an adult attitude toward life is a different story. The odds are against any lasting reform. He will probably go on whooping up muscle-bound heroes and seeing things double until the end of time. He can't help it. He's built that way.



MARITAL MAXIMS

Marriage is all very well, but it isn't romance. — *Shaw*

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage; But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage. — *Rudyard Kipling*.

He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life. — *Artemus Ward*.

Marriage: The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two. — *Ambrose Bierce*.

The trouble with wedlock is, there's not enough wed and too much lock. — *Christopher Morley*.

Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious. Both are disappointed. — *Oscar Wilde*.

Do You Know?

That the “conspirators” were too clever to urge the U. S. to give 13.8 billions of gold to their international banker friends. So they got us to give their favored countries the money which they then deposited in our banks. Now they can convert the surplus money we gave them into our gold. That would leave us with the insufficient amount of only 8 billions of gold — out of over 28 billions that we formerly owned.

That Alaska is approximately 586,400 square miles (375,000,296 acres) — one-fifth the size of the United States.

That since 1933, the “planned” policies of our government have been to give more and more power to fewer and fewer people.

That the Communist plan is to get us to attend international conferences. Every time we sit down with the atheists, we lose on all fronts.

That before the Federal Reserve Banking Act was slipped through Congress (on December 23, 1913, while many legislators were away from Washington), our national budget never reached anything like one billion dollars. Now it is regularly 65 billions and more. When that dangerous act was passed, our debt was three billions. Now it is 290 billions, plus countless guaranteed and undisclosed debts.

That the “conspirators” in 1933 and since 1936 promised that the emergency laws and restrictions imposed on our people were temporary. They still hold the powers grabbed 20 years ago.

That the price of steel is up 30 percent in the last six years. Steel wages are up even more.

That we spend 15 billion dollars a year on liquor and entertainment.

That by the grace of God and with the determination and courage of 6,000 weary American patriots, George Washington launched a counter-attack which was to change the course of history for many millions of people. The result was the Constitution of the United States, and a government of the People, by the People, and for the People.

That in 1606 King James I granted the first charter in Virginia. The grant reads in part "we . . . hereafter tend to the glory of his Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people, as yet live in Darkness and miserable Ignorance of the true Knowledge and Worship of God."

That the Republican Party and Democratic Party are limited to 3 million dollars for each 4-year campaign.

That during the past eleven years we have given to foreign nations 57 billion dollars — 37 billions for economic aid, and 20 billions of dollars for military assistance.

Recommended Reading

1. *The Decline of the American Republic and How to Rebuild It.*
— John T. Flynn
2. *The United Nations: Planned Tyranny.* — V. Oral Watts
3. *Secret of Happiness.* — Reverend Billy Graham
4. *America's Retreat from Victory. The Story of General George Marshall.* — Senator Joe McCarthy
5. *The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur.* — Frazier Hunt
6. *Atomic Energy: A Constructive Proposal.* — David Teeple
7. *What Price Israel?* — Alfred Lillienthal
8. *Life Is Worth Living.* — Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
9. *Collectivism on the Campus: The Battle for the Mind in American Colleges.* — E. Merrill Root
10. *Unconditional Hatred.* — Captain Russell Grenfell
11. *Make Each Day Count.* — Reverend James Keller

ONE-ARMED BANDITS

by Clyde Brion Davis

IN Nevada now they have a new type of one-armed bandits. At least they are new to me. And these new one-armed bandits are one-armed bandits.

I mean they are cast-iron figures of Western outlaws with desperate expressions on their tough, brown faces. Some of them are bearded and some of them are masked. The right arm is off near the shoulder. But the left hand holds what the Western writers call a "six-gun" raised and ready to cut down on you. But if you are reckless enough to brave a one-armed bandit, you drop a nickel or dime or quarter or silver dollar (according to the requirements of this particular machine) into the slot, grasp the barrel of that six-gun fearlessly and yank it down.

The one-armed bandit does not wince at your effrontery. His steel and brass innards merely growl and thump while he digests your coin. Sometimes he gives you coffee money back. So did Jesse James — to fair ladies and clergymen. The

one-armed bandit knows no such chivalry or respect for the cloth. Regardless of your sex, charm, state of grace or financial status, he'll extract, day in and day out, from 28 per cent to 60 percent of whatever you drop into his maw, and the difference in percentage depends upon how his sprockets are gaffed.

There's a legend in Nevada where slot machines are not only legal but ubiquitous that their pristine factory purity is maintained and, considering the tremendous competition between joint and joint with their neon signs proclaiming the unprecedented liberality of their machines, this may be true in most cases. However, since the increase in taxes has brought the total federal, state and local levies to around \$500 annually for every machine in operation, I suspect some operators have resorted to a little rigging to increase the take.

After all, at a mere 28 per cent profit, the handle of a nickel machine would have to be pulled

From the book, *Something for Nothing*, by Clyde Brion Davis, copyright 1955 by Clyde Brion Davis, published at \$3.75 by J. B. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa., 1956.

nearly 40,000 times a year just for taxes before it began paying rent, salaries of attendants and mechanics who keep the machines in order (slot machines often get rough treatment from struggling victims) and the rest of the overhead. Then there is interest on the investment with the stock model Liberty Bell machines costing around \$200 apiece, f.o.b. Chicago, and with some slight difficulty in transportation now that Congress has passed a law forbidding interstate shipment of slot machines. Again, most proprietors of gambling stores are not satisfied by the glamor and honor of their profession alone but must enjoy some additional material reward.

IT is true that a factory change raising the house percentage from 28 per cent to 40 or 50 or 60 is fairly complicated, but it requires no higher mathematics. It entails merely changing the number of pay-off symbols and plugging up the corresponding holes inside the wheels so the payoff rods cannot enter. Any bright garage mechanic could do it.

A common and more simple method of raising the percentage is clipping a small lead weight such as a fishline sinker to one of the wheels. If, for instance, the operator doesn't want the jackpot to pay for a while, he'll turn the third wheel until the bar is just below payoff position (there is only one bar on the third wheel) and he'll clip the weight to

the bottom of the wheel. Then, if the third bar is about to stop in line, the weight pulls it down a notch and the day is saved. This is quite tantalizing to the player who mutters, "By golly, I almost got it that time," and starts feeding in the coins with new vigor.

Weights can be put on other symbols as well as the jackpot bars, of course, and on other wheels besides the third. One might think offhand that the operator would save more money by clipping out one of the center wheel's bells (which pay 18) except that the jackpot's third bar also pays with two bells, two plums or two oranges.

With 20 symbols on each of the three wheels, there are 8,000 possible combinations on the contraption, only four of which line up three bars and pay off the jackpot. This makes the odds a mere 2,000 to one against that "wonderful thrill."

The first mechanical contrivance for extracting coins from pockets on the chance of getting a good deal for a small amount was invented in 1895 by a San Francisco mechanic named Charles Fey. People being what they are, and what they were even back in 1895, found the idea appealing. Fey manufactured his nickel-in-the-slot devices and distributed them around saloons and such in the San Francisco Bay region on a percentage basis, and, inasmuch as they extracted approximately 40 per cent of all coins deposited, there was a nice profit to split.

Basically, that first Fey machine was the one-armed bandit of today, with the three spinning wheels carrying bright lithographed pictures of lemons, cherries, oranges, plums, bells and bars. But the machines and wheels were smaller with only ten instead of 20 characters on each reel, and there was no jackpot. Three bars paid 20 nickels.

Fey refused to sell his machines or to distribute them outside his own area where he could supervise the operation, so the fruit-salad type gambling machine remained a northern California phenomenon for some years.

However, a Chicago genius named Herbert C. Mills invented a quite different apparatus about the time of the Spanish-American War, and his patriotism induced him to emblazon the front with a colored portrait of a white-mustachioed Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

These were massive machines, standing perhaps five feet high from the floor and as ornate as grandpa's parlor base-burner, with carved and nickel-plated foliage. At the top was a metal receiver with six slots for nickels — red and black, which paid ten cents each, and four other slots paying respectively 25 cents, 50 cents, \$1 and \$2. The wheel was large and looked the player right in the face. But the rim was all visible and it was divided brightly into 90 small strips of red, white, blue, green, yellow and black.

So the player picked his color, dropped a nickel into the proper slot, forced it across and down with a plunger and then pushed the hip-high crank downward in a half turn. The action was somewhat similar to cranking a one-cylinder Brush car, but not nearly as difficult. This sent the big wheel spinning in a wild blaze of color and when it thumped to a stop, if the color you had been playing rested at the top under the indicator, your winnings came rattling down to a cup at about knee-level.

Sixty out of the 90 colored strips on the wheel were red or black, paying only a dime, and there were only two \$2-strips with one of them almost invariably plugged, and four \$1, with one or two plugged out.

THE Dewey machine and others of its general type, including the Owl, the Eclipse, and Chicago, Buffalo and Detroit, were popular over most of the United States until after the first World War when the fruit-salad Liberty Bell pushed them into the background. They were part of the furniture in saloons and gambling houses of the West and Southwest and could be found in various spots until well into the 1920's.

I remember in 1916 one wall of the famous old White Elephant saloon in Albuquerque was lined with Dewey machines, ranging from nickel ones to silver dollars. Cowboys coming in from the range to do the town with a month's \$40 in

their blue jeans would park their ponies in front of the White Elephant simply by dropping the reins, and then step inside to get something to cut the dust from their throats. Frequently they never got any farther around the town than that battery of Deweys. They'd have one drink at the bar and then totter on their high heels over to the slot machines. And with eight or a dozen cowboys whanging away at the Admiral Deweys you'd think from the racket that the White Elephant was a machine shop with a full crew getting piece work pay on a big rush order.

Even in the days before the Liberty Bell type of one-armed bandit captured the field, there was a great deal of competition between manufacturers of slot machines, most of which were built (then as now) in Chicago.

I HAVE an interesting advertising folder describing the "Chicago, Buffalo and Detroit" machine — which was sent out to prospective customers around 1907. It reads:

"In order to introduce the greatest slot machines of the century, we believe it policy to give a description of the mechanism of same.

"To begin with, we will state there are ninety spaces on the dial, 30 Red, 30 Black, 16 Green, 8 Yellow, 4 White, 2 Blue. Of course you will say, 'Well, that is just like the rest of them.' Now for the explanation:

"There are two blues on the dial. Well, suppose one is plugged on the inside, then the player has but one chance to win on blue, but when he plays on red or black both blues are open; that is, it is possible for the dial to show on either of the blues. It is possible to plug sixteen of the large prizes, one more than half of them, but even if the whole sixteen large prizes are plugged and the players played red or black, the dial would show (or stop) on any color on the dial, thus doing away with the pikers that play red and black and whipsaw the machine, as the entire wheel is open when the red or black is played alone.

"The wheel is just as liable to show on a large prize as on a small one when they play red or black, which induces the player to play the large ones, and he whipsaws himself, as the action of playing the large color blocks the wheel automatically on color played and reduces the player's chances of winning according to the number of colors blocked on the inside wheel. But you must always bear in mind that it is possible for the wheel to show on any color, thus showing the players that the machine is on the square.

"The Buffalo machine positively cannot be manipulated or cheated in any manner whatever. It is fitted in an elegant quarter-sawed oak cabinet, piano finish, and trimmed with elegantly chased metal trimmings. The nickel machine pays from 10 cents to \$2.00 and the quarter machine from 50 cents to \$10.00. Weight packed for shipping, plain, 235 pounds; musical, 265 pounds. It is also fitted in our Twin

cabinet, one side for nickels, the other for quarters or half dollars, or our Triplets for nickels, quarters and half dollars. These machines are conceded to be the greatest money-getters of the age. All we ask for our goods is a trial and if they don't give entire satisfaction we will refund the entire amount of the purchase price, less transportation, if returned in two weeks in good condition."

WELL, despite the assertion of the Company that the Buffalo machine "positively cannot be manipulated or cheated in any manner whatever," slickers did work out systems of making all the early machines shower down.

One of the most elaborate methods was a strong electromagnet taped to the left forearm and running down to the wrist under the player's sleeve. Wires ran up the sleeve to a coil and dry batteries either strapped around the waist or carried in a camera case slung over the shoulder. The player dropped a nickel in the white dollar slot, pushed down the crank, and when the dial began to slow he activated the electromagnet, spotted a white strip and with the concealed magnet led it a quarter turn or so, like a lamb on a leash, right up to the payoff indicator. If that particular dollar happened to be plugged it naturally didn't pay, and the machine stuck at this point. Then the player had to jar the dial loose and try another nickel, hoping he got an unplugged dollar next time.

No one could have made a fortune at this operation, inasmuch as he made only ninety-five cents profit on a nickel machine when he found an unplugged dollar section. And there was always a chance of interference from the bartender, the burly bartender, bung starter in hand.

Some other slickers used a small drill operating on the principle of a Yankee screwdriver. A tiny hole was drilled through the wood just below the glass front and through this hole the dial could be braked to a stop where desired. Crews of two or three sometimes made the rounds of saloons and, while the bartender was distracted by a dice game for drinks, one of the party went to work with his drill and emptied the slot machine.

Another system which was said to work on the early Liberty Bell models as well as on the Dewey type machines was the use of pennies which had been wet and salted instead of nickels.

Then, of course, there were slugs. But the manufacturers installed magnets to catch iron washers and then windows so the last five or six coins played were visible. That discouraged the use of salted pennies as well as the slugs. Attendants could be very harsh with would-be alchemists who chose to regard a slot machine as a philosopher's stone capable of turning lead or brass into coin of the realm.

It was not alone the possibility of

looting the big old bandits which brought in the Liberty Bell machines, but, with everything in plain sight on the single dial, it wasn't too difficult for a player to figure out the untenable percentage against him even if none of the colors were plugged. And virtually everyone realized the things were gaffed.

With three spinning reels on the Liberty Bells and only nine of the symbols visible at any time through the small glass window, it was difficult for the casual player to figure out how many cherries, oranges, plums, lemons, bells and bars existed on each wheel and what the percentage was against him. So the Liberty Bells gained greater popularity with the public than the Deweys or Owls ever knew. And they were especially popular with operators because of their relatively cheap price.

HERBERT S. MILLS experimented with several types of machines, including a little crap-shooting affair (with percentage dice, of course) which was successful enough to bring testimonials such as: "Mills, it is the greatest investment I ever made. The people have gone nuts over it. \$50 a day is an average play on each machine. Nothing like it. You know the percentage."

But still the fruit-salad Fey machine was the greatest money-maker in the San Francisco region and Mills was determined to get one.

Fey, however, wouldn't sell and he wouldn't lease and he wasn't interested in acquiring an Eastern agent.

Nevertheless, by some unrevealed means, Mills did obtain one of the Fey machines and he and one of his skilled mechanics took it apart and analyzed its ingenious machinery. The result was the manufacture in Chicago by the Mills Novelty Company of the Liberty Bell, which was larger than the Fey bandit and carried twice as many of the tried-and-true fruit and bell symbols. It was unbelievably successful in the Midwest and East. Herbert Mills became a multimillionaire and the other slot machine manufacturers gave up their massive Owls and Centaurs and Eclipses and Bullfrogs and turned to adaptations of the three-wheel fruit salad. At present there are ten or more firms manufacturing different versions of the thing, all known under the generic term of Liberty Bell.

Until a few years ago law enforcement agencies of the various states generally overlooked the presence of one-armed bandits in vacation resorts (or took tribute from the operators) although there were laws forbidding them. A dozen or fifteen years ago slot machines were in practically every business house in such spots as Grand Lake, Colorado. From the Rocky Mountains west to the Pacific it seemed that a majority of hotels and restaurants had their batteries of nickel, dime and quarter

machines, and, according to the generally accepted story, most of these had been placed by unsavory syndicates which split the profits with the proprietor. To a lesser degree, the same was true in southern resorts.

Now these machines are mostly gone. Even private clubs have been forced to dispense with their one-armed bandits. Not long ago in New Jersey, where bingo and raffles are now legal if operated for the benefit of churches and charitable organizations, seven college boys were arrested when a slot machine was found in their fraternity house, operated for the benefit of the fraternity.

THE reasons for the disappearance of the machines in most resorts are partly the high federal tax levied on them, but more because community after community has found the slots deleterious materially as well as morally. Was this because the machines were usually owned by syndicates of gangsters and that the gangsters sometimes machine-gunned one another in wars to gain exclusive rights to a territory? And is a slot machine immoral when it is gaffed to retain forty or fifty per

cent and moral when it only takes twenty-eight per cent?

If those socially prominent civic and church leaders who give generously to charity from their profits coming from the manufacture of one-armed bandits had retained ownership and supervised their operation in bars, restaurants, gambling houses and brothels as inventor Charles Fey did in the San Francisco area, would public sentiment have encouraged Congress to pass a law prohibiting interstate shipment of slot machines? In that case would the many communities which have banned the things have discovered from experience that the presence of one-armed bandits was beneficial, or at least not deleterious?

If, as thousands believe, such gambling games as raffles and bingo are purified when promoted by churches and charitable organizations, it would seem that this sanctification would also hold for slot machines. And, if this is true, I have a suggestion for the manufacturers of one-armed bandits: build a special machine for churches, substituting religious symbols for the traditional ones. I am willing to accept a small royalty from the manufacturer adopting this idea.



A woman scorned is a penny saved — and then some.

» An *ideal wife* is one who remains faithful to you but tries to be just as charming as if she weren't. — *Sacha Guitry*



by Jane Green

FOR MEN COOKS ONLY

BRIDE and wife, I have been tagging my husband and his hunting and fishing cronies for lo, these many years. However, since I don't compete with them in shooting skill or casting a hook, you might wonder why I go at all? Well, funny as it may seem to casual moderns, I go simply because Himself, the man I married once, likes for me to go "whither he goest" and I sort of like to humor his idea that a "woman's place is in the home."

In vindication of my clinging vine role, I will explain that I try to do my part in making camp life pleasant in several ways. First, I resolutely declare that I am not afraid to stay alone in the camp night or day, even though I literally shiver in my boots at some of the night sounds. I keep the coffee hot and the fire going; and I am always the Official Listener of how they landed the Big 'Un — or how he got away — but above all, I brag on their cooking, ask for their pet recipes and eat their food and like it!

I love the smell and the taste of wood smoke, of boiling coffee, of

broiling meat and the other woodsy aromas.

Texas men admire the real old-time chuck wagon grub, with its tangy Mexican flavor. You will often eat fried frijoles (red beans to you!) when camping with us. Old timers insist that the only way to cook frijoles is to wash the beans in cold water, put them in a deep pot with water to cover and a little more to allow for the beans swelling and place the pot on hot rocks in a pit. They cover the pot with hot embers and keep a slow fire going over the beans all night. Then, the beans are fried in a heavy skillet with meat drippings and salt to season, stirring occasionally to prevent scorching until the beans are seasoned and beautifully mealy.

As a matter of truth, more often than not, the camp cook simply opens a can of beans and fries them but they like to talk about the good old days when, to be "fitten," beans had to cook all night.

Although men love to laugh at women for opening cans, they actually use canned food with more

abandon than they like to admit. George, one of my favorite camp cooks, opens several cans at once for a "pot-luck" supper on the first night out.

George dumps a can of chili, a can of tamales, a can of red beans and two cans of tomatoes into a pot, adds chili powder and simmers until everything is blended. He never has to throw any out!

Another of George's hits is corn chowder. To make it he fries bits of salt pork in the bottom of the pot in which the chowder is made. He then adds sliced onions and cooks them to a light brown. To each can of corn needed — two cans will make enough chowder to serve five or six people — he adds one can of water, one of milk with salt and pepper to taste, and simmers gently for a few minutes.

MY FAVORITE camp cook was my own Irish father. His specialty was broiling meat to his family's taste — if not the queen's! He used to cut each of us a forked stick on which he would fasten a thick slice of bacon, and let us broil our own. After dropping it in the ashes a few times and scorching the ends, the bacon was fitted between slabs of home-baked bread and eaten with onions.

Quail or doves are toothsome bits when broiled at camp. My father rubbed them with salt, pepper and bacon drippings, fastened them on a broiling stick, and then put the

stick in the ground so that it held the bird over the embers not the flames, until it was done to an appetizing brown.

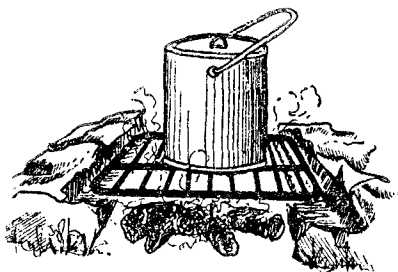
Venison or beef steaks were treated similarly as to seasoning, but being heavier had to be watched more carefully. In fact, father usually held them over the fire to insure a proper job.

Frank's squirrel stew is really something to write home about, and he makes it like this. He cuts the squirrel into serving pieces, flours them and browns them in hot fat in a deep skillet or a Dutch oven. Before putting any water in the fat, he stirs in about a half cup of flour and lets it brown very slightly adding enough water to cover the meat well. Unless there is somebody in the party who can't take it, Frank throws in a generous sprinkling of dried red peppers. The stew is then left to simmer slowly over hot coals until the meat is tender. He generally makes a batch of dumplings from his package of ready-mix and drops them on top of the squirrel stew.

A Texan's pride'n'joy is the Son-of-a-gun stew. You take the "innards" from either a tender, fat young porker or calf to make this famous dish. You cut the melts, kidneys, heart, liver, leaf fat and marrow gut in small pieces and put them in a pot with water to cover. Salt and black pepper is added, and again, if desired, the dried red peppers are used. The pot is then cov-

ered and the meat left to stew until well done. Just before it is quite ready to take off, you mix a few spoonfuls of flour in water and stir in the stew for the gravy. At this time, you break the brains of the animal in small sections, add them to

the stew and let it cook a few minutes. This perfect *son-of-a-gun* stew is cooked down to a nice gravy-like consistency that defies description. . . . If it sounds like a "witches brew" to the uninitiated just wait until you taste it!



Olivia De Havilland, who is a client of Dior, took the trouble to lose 10 pounds in order to do justice to his gowns in "The Ambassador's Daughter." After a few days of shooting, Dior invited her to his home and treated her to a fantastic dinner. The wines were changed with each course and each successive course was more fabulous than the last. After the dessert dishes were cleared away, Olivia turned to Dior and said: "How could you put such a dinner before me, when you know what I went through to take off those 10 pounds?"

"Tonight, my dear," Dior told her, "you are my client. As such, you can afford to eat all of the extravagances which have been served up to you, and I can enjoy the pleasure of having you as my guest. But tomorrow, you will play my mannequin, and like all my mannequins, you can starve your way back into my gowns!"

3D 6-12 petrox OD-2
POWER X RT-200
GL-70 WD 9
TOP Z-7 Triple X
RT-125 Glymonate RS

What Kind of Talk is This?

by David Holland

DRIVING down the highway, my attention was attracted to a billboard proclaiming the merits of Shell's new gasoline with TCP. *Super* power, it said. In need of a tankful, my mind flashed: "That's the gas for me!"

Drawing up to a Shell station, I asked the attendant, "What's TCP?"

He gave me a puzzled look, despite the fact that streamers flying from the pumps and roof of his establishment were heralding the benefits of TCP. Then he broke into an embarrassed smile. "It's our new additive, of course. Greatest discovery in 20 years. Nothing like it."

"But what does it mean?" I demanded.

He looked perplexed and it was plain I wasn't going to learn anything about TCP from this fellow,

so I said, "Fill 'er up. I'll soon find out."

I stepped on it, expecting the old crate to zoom right out from under me, but nothing miraculous happened. Just then another billboard caught my eye. It was Sinclair singing the praises of its new additive. Power-X. Packs extra *zzzip* in your motor, it read. Try a tankful and be the judge.

That was fair enough, being my own judge. But what's Power-X? And before I could fairly consider the question, another billboard flashed by. It was Texaco inviting me to give Petrox a trial, because Petrox gives 1-2-3 power.

A few billboards still were coherent, as for instance Gulf's No-Nox, Sunoco's Advanced High-Test, and Be Sure with Pure; but how was I

to reconcile the inscrutable meanings of Cities Service's 5-D, Atlantic's Platinum Process, and Mobilgas' RT-125, RT-200 and additive Glymonate, with comprehension?

Shell's X-100 motor oil, a billboard said, contains an alkalizer. And here I had always believed alkalizers were solely for that run-down and headachy feeling.

I've since become aware that the trend in metaphorical advertising is not confined to billboards only, but appears in newspapers, magazines and television. The printed word has been distorted; grammar, etymology and syntax discarded. The dictionary is obsolete. The public buys only merchandise that is tied up with algebraic equations and trope.

For instance, General tires are made with Nygen, Goodyear with 3-T, Atlas with Viprene, and U. S. Royals with simply "8". My cerebellum fails me when I read that Dunlop's tubeless tires are *tension-free*, Firestone's *safety-tensioned*, and Seiberling's *air-conditioned*.

California Sunkist Oranges claim to contain protopectins, riboflavin, bioflavonoids, thiamine, niacin, pyridoxine, inositol, and twelve different amino acids, besides a number of minerals, vitamins C and P, pre-vitamin A, and a half dozen of the B-complex group. And here

I've been buying them all in pills for years, when I could have saved a fortune eating oranges.

I'm urged to brush my teeth with Colgate because it contains Gardol, with Gleem for the reason that it's combined with GL-70, with Ipana since it's made with WD-9, and with Pepsodent because it's blended with Irium.

WHAT are all these symbols and strange words about Life-buoy soap being compounded with Puralin, Mentholatum with Silitex-M 3, Williams shaving cream with Lanotrate 25, and Gillette's with K-34?

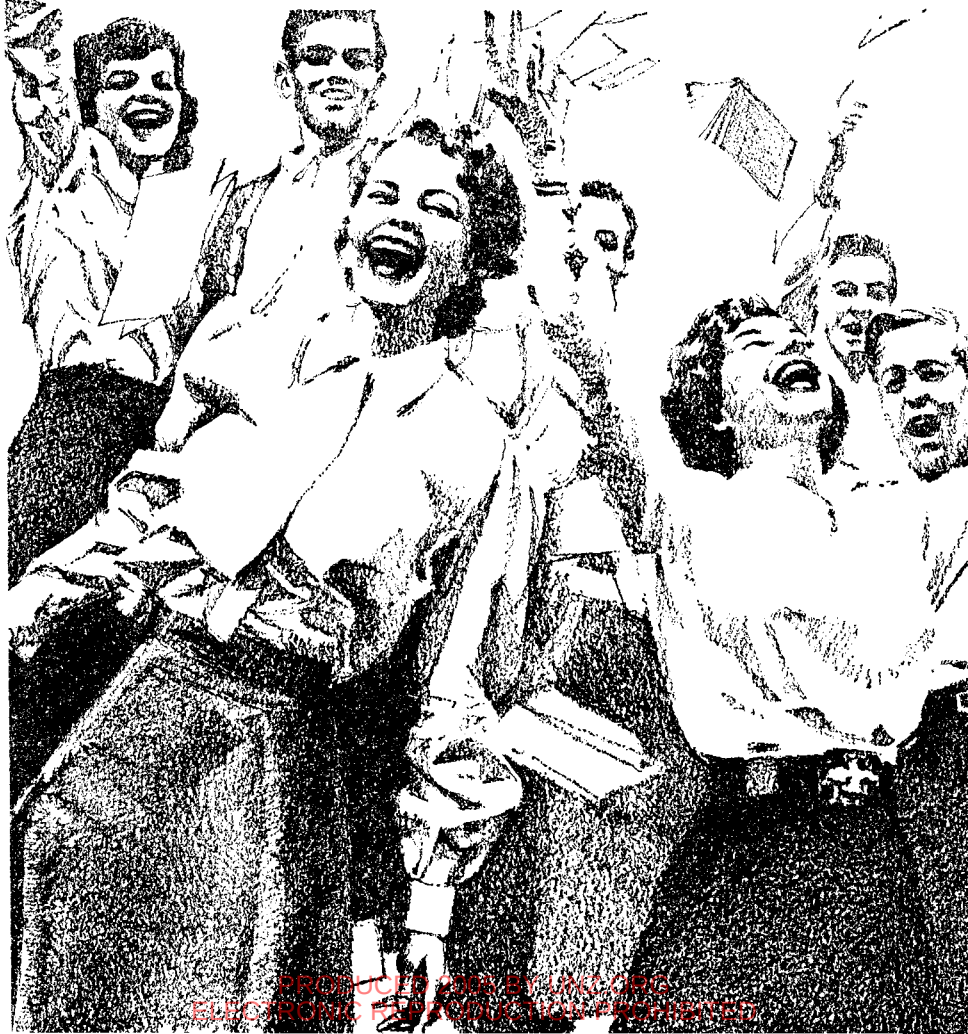
I must have a low-grade intelligence, unable to grasp the import of Vitalis hair tonic with V-7, Kreml with KR-9, Tussy's skin cream with Humidine, and Mum Mist with Hexachlorophene, a word I can neither pronounce nor understand. I simply don't know what they're talking about, and I'm being shoved straight out the market place.

I'm the kind that demands to know what CMA means in Jewel shortening, CF in Waterman's fountain pens, PS in Aetna's Casualty policies, and R-S sensitizers in Ansco film.

Is it so terrible that I want to know what I'm buying?

It is every American's duty to support his gov't, but not necessarily in the style to which it has been accustomed. — Old American News, Old American Roofing Mills.

This book is a dramatic inside report on the failure of our public high schools to meet the challenge of educating today's children. Joan Dunn tells the behind-the-scenes story of what goes on in a large metropolitan high school, documenting from her own teaching experience the shocking picture of lowered academic standards and the fantastic absence of discipline. Citizens who care about our young people and the nation's future will find in this book a clear presentation of the problems — moral, social and economic — that must be faced if we mean to do something about the shame of our schools.



WHY TEACHERS CAN'T TEACH

from "RETREAT FROM LEARNING"

by
JOAN DUNN

EDUCATION is an enterprise that, in New York City, involves more than 200,000 boys and girls of high-school age. They are in school whether or not they want to be there. Most of them do not. They are adolescents, for whom the stable patterns of childhood are breaking up. They are impressionable, volatile, sensitive, and occasionally cruel.

Known to commerce as "teen agers," they have magazines and books written for them, clothes designed for them, countless problems ascribed to them. For their specific patronage, certain crooners were booked at the Paramount. Experts of all kinds revolve like satellites around the juvenile world. They tell us how to treat them, feed them, ap-

preciate them, and solve the riddle of their actions. Parents are told how to understand their children, teachers are taught how to teach their pupils, and the youth industry booms.

The ordinary public-school teacher meets approximately 200 such neophyte men and women every day. They not only meet, the teacher and the students, but they must also engage in the subtle exchange known as learning — a giving-out and a taking-in. It can be stimulation, excitement, and satisfaction for teacher and class. I have known it to be like that. But more often it is tension, trial, and exhaustion.

Much of the frustration is caused by a philosophy of education that is

"Retreat From Learning," by Joan Dunn, published at \$3.00 by David McKay Company, Inc., New York. Copyright 1955 by Joan Dunn.

at once a challenge and a stumbling block. It is a challenge in the goals it sets for the teacher to reach in training his classes. It is a stumbling block in its impracticality and unwieldiness for big-city schools. The city teacher is challenged, as are teachers everywhere, by the children he confronts each day; the city teacher is also defeated by them, for he is overwhelmed by force of numbers, by pressure in the teaching hierarchy from above and below, by his own physical exhaustion. But he is overwhelmed first and foremost by the theory of progressive education, the classroom application of the philosophy of John Dewey.

THIS man who changed the face of education died in 1952 at the age of 93. He was a philosopher, writer, lecturer, and educator. His influence in the field of education was profound and widespread, and it continues to be so after his death. His theories, practices, and reforms must be accepted or rejected by every teacher who comes into contact with them. The teacher encounters progressive education and soon hails or denounces it, for it is too important to be merely tolerated. One must take a stand for or against.

Dewey maintained that the school should become more of a community center, with the ceaseless activity that ideal implies. He thought that the silent child was the unduly chastened child, and that in modern

times, such a condition was both a shame and an anachronism. He dismissed conventional methods of teaching as academic, and introduced the idea that unless the working of the everyday world was made the major part of a child's study, his education would be inadequate — with a good chance of being downright harmful. Purely scholastic learning was meaningless and would ultimately do the child more harm than good. He praised the child of the New Learning, promising that he would be a saner social being than his older brothers.

Dewey decried discipline for its own sake, substituting in its place a group censure that would originate with the children themselves. In the same way, he proposed that children be consulted on what was to be taught in a class. They must "feel the need" to know. Learning never should be forced on them. Lastly, he taught that morality, in the sense of a rule to guide men in judging their actions, should never be regarded as dogmatic. This doctrine can be applied today in the following manner: A child is not censured for cheating on an exam because if he did not cheat he would surely fail; the failure would part him from his companions, and it is more important that he remain with his age group than master his studies — or be honest.

Progressive education can be introduced in any public school system where the board of education

believes in it. Naturally, the ordinary teacher in a large system has little to say in the matter; he is simply told what to do. Though progressive education is practiced in varying degrees throughout the nation, it is concentrated in the larger cities.

I am familiar with New York public education on the high-school level, and while I am not qualified to speak of other cities, I feel that there must be many teachers elsewhere who have shared my experience. Let me tell you about my life as a teacher and about my job, the job that the public believes is an easy one. If you are interested in teachers, schools, and school children, you may want to know why I voluntarily left a profession that I loved.

What I expected teaching to be and what I found it to be were very different things. I had imagined a school world like the one that I had known myself, a world of long hours of study, a world in which I had been a child. I thought that my future students would be interested in nearly the same things I was interested in. But it was not that way at all. I thought they would be children, too, but they were not. I expected them to want to learn, but they did not. Let me show you what I mean by describing my school.

The teaching day common in New York schools leaves you physically and emotionally exhausted. There never seems to be time for

oneself; even your lunch must be hastily eaten in twenty minutes in the basement cafeteria (it takes the balance of the forty-minute period just to get downstairs and put your sandwich on the table) and you are not allowed to leave the building before 2:40 P.M.

One always seems to be hurrying — straining to be on time in the morning, rushing from one classroom to another, trying to correct 200 papers during your free period so you won't have to take them home, pulling out in the afternoon, still in haste, so that you can spend a few hours in privately enjoyable ways before you must correct papers or plan future lessons. Any housework reduces you to a state of fatigue that is beyond the repair of one night's sleep. It was my experience that you had to be in bed by 11 at the latest, and therefore it was unthinkable to go out at night during the week. A double feature at the local theater was enough to throw you out of balance all next day.

STILL, you were expected to belong to all sorts of organizations and attend their meetings, keep abreast of all movements, political and cultural, see all the new plays and movies, read all the latest books and watch all the television programs. In the meantime you planned fascinating lessons for your classes, corrected countless papers, kept in good physical and mental shape,

were available at all times for interviews with students, deans, and parents, acted as moderator of an extracurricular activity, led an active social life, traveled all over the world, and went to school at night for an M.A. in education.

This way of life also demanded nerves of steel, for worst of all is the tension attached to teaching. It is a watchful, anxious awareness of the possibility that anything can happen at any time. This is over and above any uneasiness you may feel, standing in front of a bored and hostile class, or any nervousness connected with an ambitious lesson planned for a good class. This tautness is the result of two steady pressures. The one exerted by the children is immediate, anything from a mass falling asleep to the stamping of feet, loudly and in unison. The knowledge that something of the sort can happen is always present, and you must be prepared for the contingency. And the other pressure, from your supervisors, is usually more remote but just as unremitting. There is the chance, for example, that you may be "observed" without warning; your chairman, or the principal, or some visiting dignitary might sit at the back of your class while you teach. You are not always notified of this observation in advance, and should you have a cold or a headache or feel unusually tired, no allowance is made. Teachers are expected to be in top form at all times and under all conditions.

WHEN anyone concerned with the training of youth sees how fond it is of idling, and when that person wants to turn the young, even momentarily, from carefree pursuits to organized study, he soon realizes that children must be won — not forced — away from the pleasures they find so fascinating. These ways are known in academic circles as "methods of teaching." They are considered of the highest importance by those who supervise and teach teacher-training courses, and the college student is taught to take them seriously.

He is taught quite early in the game that his worth and skill as a teacher will be measured by his success in winning youth from its fancies. That is why it can easily happen that students of the art of teaching may conclude that it is more important to learn how to teach than to learn what to teach.

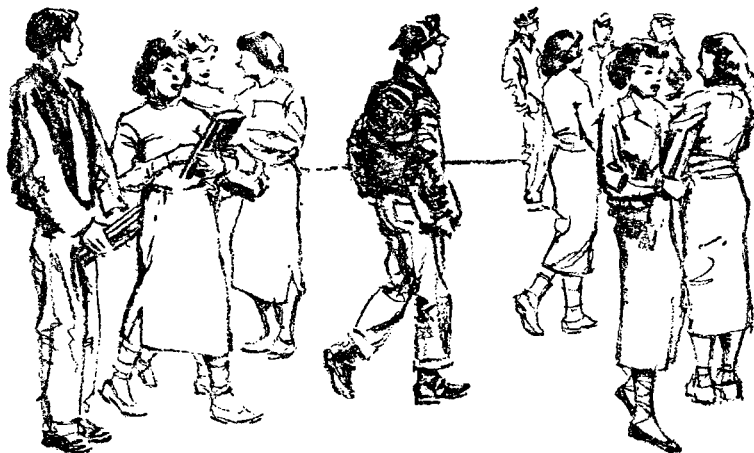
It may be asked how I fitted into this picture. What place was there for me? My practice teaching had been in a girls' school, and my own education had been for the most part in private parochial schools. However, I had gone to a public elementary school and remembered quite vividly some of the things that had happened there — a teacher crying because a class would not be quiet, grinning boys putting tacks on the seats, and so on. I knew, therefore, that these things happened, and I realized with foreboding that as the students got older

and more knowledgeable, the tricks were bound to become more violent and more complex. And so they did.

As I looked around me and saw the kind of children the schools were constrained to graduate, as I studied educational theory further and learned more about the ineffectualness of school procedures in discipline cases, I was increasingly

ments in the schools, about how much good was being done, about how much better the schools were now than formerly.

It seemed to me that there was very little success and a great deal of failure. I talked it over with many teachers; some agreed, most just shrugged and said, "Why get so upset about it? Forget it."



disturbed. The schools were assuredly trying to do a lot of things for their students, but were they the right things? If the howling mobs in the corridors and the cheating "honor" students were the best we could hope for, then there did not seem to be much point in attempting to educate them at all. And worst of all was the hypocrisy of the glowing reports about new, vital move-

But I could not forget it, just as I could not respect it. Who could respect a system that had every fault that systems are heir to — apathy, bureaucracy, inertia, and a total disregard for the individual. The student was someone to be experimented with, and the teacher was without standing; and the whole, vast, intricate machinery of the board seemed geared to his

complete frustration and ultimate disillusionment.

What were the teachers like with whom I shared classrooms, lunches and students? Well, they were nearly all intelligent, and a few were brilliant.

They were generally witty and well dressed. But not all of them should have been teachers. For one thing, many of them were desperately bad disciplinarians who compromised the whole profession. There were men and women, their minds ideologically captive, who never should have been allowed to influence the unformed adolescent consciousness. There were those to whom teaching was simply a matter of security; they did not like children, and, not caring for them, cared not what they did. Several, to my certain knowledge, were morally unfit to be with young people. There were those who did as little as possible and managed to do even that badly.

On the surface, they appeared to be hardworking people, earning a living in a harder than average job, but there were among them extremes of temperament and convictions. This last is important, for a teacher teaches himself before he teaches his subject. Students learn to appraise your character before settling down to chemistry. They absorb your ethics before your English.

The teacher is, more than most others, the visible, influential total

of his ideals. It is impossible that he stand at the front of a room filled with impressionable adolescents and not be considered primarily as a person and only secondarily as a teacher.

Further, your students must assess your worth as a person before they can become interested in you as a teacher. An assessment can come to a head dramatically, or it can be drawn out into a series of seemingly inconsequential clashes. But you know it is going on; you are aware of what they are after. The more experienced you become, the easier it is to spot, until soon you can even anticipate the exact form it will take by looking at the class on the first day of the new term.

It is always a challenge to your authority. Let your students demolish your authority, and they will progress to your person, commenting on your clothes, your looks, and your wits. And here is where the importance of reputation enters in. Once a teacher establishes himself, the assessments will be less frequent, unless they are deliberately provoked by teacher or pupil as a show of strength. But if a teacher is known to be a lax disciplinarian, he will be challenged by the whole class at all times.

TODAY a teacher must fight for every ounce of respect he gets and keeps. If a person is weak-willed, unable to command obedience, he will never be a teacher. No one will

listen to him, and he will be despised for his weakness, since all classes want to be disciplined, the bad ones especially. Certainly, all students will give any teacher a hard time, the hardest they can, but they will be anxiously waiting all the while for signs of his ultimate command. If he can master his classes and if he has a knowledge of his subject, his chances of survival are good. But he must be fair, and swift to punish appropriately and justly.

He must be on the job when he is bone-tired and emotionally exhausted, when his legs ache from standing all day, when he is croaking out words from a sore throat. And if he is on the job, he may eventually win, even though it sometimes seems to be too much to ask anyone to go through for the rest of his life. He may someday see a shamed smile on the face of the bully he has been trying to help all term — but such moments are rare and heady.

SURELY I was not the only one in the system who thought it was wrong. However, other people who shared my opinions were not in a position to leave. They were regularly appointed teachers, with money invested in pension funds, with family responsibilities. They were not at an age where change is possible, much less advisable. They were, in their own words, “caught.” They continue to do the best job possible under existing conditions. There are very few young teachers

who are not wholly devoted to the progressive system; to be young and in opposition to current educational theory is an anomaly. If you do oppose it, and say so, your younger colleagues are eager to predict your ultimate failure.

I was told by a fellow teacher one day that I would never be successful because I had attended private schools and “didn’t understand the children in the public schools.” The inference was that he himself was going to smash. A few months later, he was beaten up by students in the school cafeteria.

What of the ones who did not agree? I can recount what one man suffered at the hands of those whose principle of tolerating all beliefs was temporarily in eclipse. The matter concerned his refusal to follow a chairman’s directive because he could not in conscience do so. He used his conscience as his defense when he was officially called upon to explain his action, and he was laughed at. This is a man whom any parent should feel honored to have as a teacher for his child, a man any board of education should be proud to present to youth in the role of teacher. But he was expendable because he was uncompromising.

It is disgraceful commentary on the New York City school system that a man of this caliber was officially reprimanded for following his conscience in order to safeguard the children in his care, while other men, still teaching, are known by

their fellow teachers (and their students) to be completely absorbed in the pursuit of the more advanced girls in their classes.

JUST as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, the teacher is successful in his job only to the degree that he is successful with the dullest pupil. Teaching comes down to the individual child, and the

individual child, when you finally meet him, is likely to be very much like this one — this boy whose shoes are armed with metal cleats, who wears a heavy, zippered leather jacket and a pair of gloves thrust through the shoulder straps. The gaping pockets of his Army fatigue trousers are used to stow his school supplies — a comb, cigarettes, and a knife. He is savagely barbered, but his hair is not his only uncivilized attribute. He speaks:

"Waaaaa?"

"What are you doing in the hall?"

"Nuttin. Um gonna batroom."

"Where's your pass? You know you need a pass to leave your class."

"Wa pass? I ain' got no pass."

"Where do you belong? Your teacher wouldn't let you leave the room without a pass."

"She din gimme no pass. She's crazy."

"All right. Back to class."

"Naaaaa. I ain' gawn back that stupid class. It's boring."

"I didn't ask for your opinion. I asked for your pass."

"I toll ya. I ain' got none."

"Don't raise your voice to me. What room did you come from?"

"One oh tree."

"I'll see you to the door."

"Don' do me no favors."

"The pleasure is all mine."

I am in luck. He comes, though grudgingly and with great mutterings of disgust. Hugging the wall, he slinks along behind me. He stops at the back door of a classroom.



"Wai' min. I gotta see my cousin."

"No you don't."

"Miiii. I mean it. I woon't kid ya. I gotta cousin."

"I don't doubt it, but this is not the time for family chats."

"Chats? Chats? Wazzat? I gotta talk ta him."

"Come on. Stop stalling."

"Look. Wha's wrong? I just stan' here, and when the bell rings, I meet my cousin. You don' needa wait. I won' make no noise."

"Don't try to make a deal with me. I'm taking you back to class."

"Why? Ha? Jus' tell me why?"

"Because you're out without a pass."

"Since when ya needa pass to leave this class? Where am I — a concentration camp?"

"No. You're in school."

"You're tellin me."

"I certainly am."

"You won' lemme stay here — nice and quiet?"

"No!"

"Ya don' trus' me."

"Absolutely not."

"I gotta go back?"

"Most emphatically."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

He shrugs. We start again. I walk a little faster; he walks a little slower. Suddenly, he starts to sing.

"Stop that noise."

"That ain' noise. I'm singin."

"Listen. I'm losing my patience. I want you to keep still and come with me. And not another sound out

of you. Understand?"

"But —"

"And *no more arguments*. That's final."

"Ahright. Ahright. Don' get mad."

We start again.

"Just a minute. I gotta comb my hair."

He wets his comb at a drinking fountain. His classroom is right around the corner, and he hopes the bell will ring before I deliver him to the door.

"Now what are you doing?"

"I tol' ya. I'm just gonna comb my hair."

He moves to the door of the nearest classroom, and using the pane of glass as a mirror, rearranges his startling coiffure.

"Get away from that door. And get into your own room. Quick."

"I donno where it is."

"It's right there. And if I see you in the hall again without a pass, I'll report you to the dean. Now, *get in*."

"Ahright. Ahright. Don' yell."

I open the door. The teacher looks at us inquiringly.

"I found this boy in the hall without a pass."

The teacher looks crestfallen. He had hoped "this boy" would be gone all period.

BUT LET'S look further. There is also, in every large city high school, a classroom or auditorium known as the Study Hall. Here is

opportunity to observe how proficient some of our students are in interpreting social situations (*pace* Dewey), and how accurately they adapt themselves to differing personalities.

Our Study Hall was held in the school auditorium, located on the first floor just opposite the main entry — making it ridiculously easy to walk from “study” straight out the front door. There were five exits all told, not counting the wings of the stage. Into this hall were thrown 150 students and two teachers for 40 minutes a day, five days a week. But even this impossible situation had its amusing side, though most of the amusement is apparent only in retrospect.

Arthur interpreted the social situation in the Study Hall immediately upon arriving and within a few days had organized his clique, all diletantes like himself who never cut Study Hall, for where Arthur was, there their hearts were also. It was apparant that he was going to play the part for all it was worth when he made his first entrance through the side door at the front of the hall, wearing baby-blue pistol pants, a gray Homburg, and an undershirt. He had a mane of yellow hair that combined with his staring eyes and slack mouth to give him a distressingly vague look. He was recognized immediately by his following, and there welled up a great tribal shout of joy, to which Arthur responded by opening his arms in a fond

paternal gesture and shouting, “Um here. Um here.”

Most of us in charge of the hall waged a constant battle with him (he disrupted the group every time he appeared, he argued about everything that we said whether it concerned him or not, and, worst of all, he *was* funny) that left us verging on nervous exhaustion but did not bother Arthur in the least. He adapted to us by ignoring us.

ARTHUR AND CO. came to study every day because they were having so much fun. A typical period would be one in which Arthur arrived five or ten minutes late (thereby giving his audience time to arrive, get settled, glance at *The News*) and then proceeded, in a loud voice, to volunteer numerous excuses for not being on time. This exchange was always audible to the front rows of the Hall, and so his bons mots were passed back with successive howls of appreciative laughter until the place echoed with it.

Such sallies as “My wife made me wash the dishes,” or “I was dreamin’ about ya, Mrs. Beal, an I didn’ wanna wake up,” were always well received. After about five minutes of preliminary jokes, he would flop down into a seat, hang his legs over the chair in front, burrow down until his head rested on the back rest — and sing. Arthur’s songs were always of the melancholy, she-done-me-wrong persuasion, and it

was easy to see why. He was unkempt and walked with a peculiar flat-footed gait. He was everybody's funny friend, a great shaggy dog. If you spoke to Arthur tactfully about the advantages of silence or about keeping his feet off the chair in front of him, he would banter with you, and his favorite reply, delivered in slurred speech from his lounging position, was "You're a doll." If you persisted in this serious attempt to silence him and he saw

tion. Once in a while he would call loudly for food — "Um hongry!" — and one of his lackeys would fetch potato chips or a sandwich to satisfy him. Add to Arthur 149 other children in various degrees of disorder, and you get the picture.

School also affords its pupils contact with commercial activities. In the school cafeteria, many monetary transactions are completed having nothing to do with the buying and selling of chow mein and pickles.



that he could not charm you into abandoning your stand, he might say, simply, "O.K. I be good," draw his hat down over his face, and sleep again, still draped over the furniture.

For the rest of the period there would be silence, except when Arthur snored or let out a great belch. This endeared him to his following (they liked to think he had the common failings), and they would hoot so appreciatively that the great man would awaken, look around groggily, and shift his posi-

The cafeteria in a large school is nobody's fault. It is necessary to feed the students, and if there are 5000 students, you must feed 5000. So there is a cafeteria, and there are teachers assigned to "police" it.

Duties entailed are the maintenance of a certain degree of order that consists mainly in stopping the children from throwing sandwich crusts and empty milk containers at one another and refuse on the floor, breaking up fights, throwing out dogs which do not belong there, and breaking up rackets.

A minority, but an active, clever, and problem-producing minority, in a large city high school will be so interested in greater commercial activities that it will organize, on a small but workable scale, a betting ring prepared to handle wagers on sports events inside or outside the school. It is rarer, but by no means unknown, for a boy to be involved with an extra-mural group, as was a former student of mine who boasted that he made more money than I did by "running beer for the bookie." But there exists an even more serious situation, and that is the extortion racket run mostly by girls.

THE KIND of girl who goes in for this is by far the most difficult behavior problem that a teacher is likely to meet. They wear sullen, sneering, violently painted faces, speak in gutter talk, and are frighteningly ungirlish. Their plan of operation is simple. A group of them congregates in the cafeteria during one of the regular periods, and under cover of the noise and confusion seizes on some nice little girl, forces her into the washroom, and takes her lunch money. If she refuses, they beat her up. Very few refuse; they know it is wiser to give up the money.

To young people like this, school is a clubhouse, a place of amusement, a convenient place for getting cheap lunches, meeting friends, and settling grudges. If nothing else

happens to engage their interest, they can always smash a few windows so that their trip will not have been in vain.

There are, of course, in the public high schools, some of the finest boys and girls I have ever met. And the curious, wonderful fact is that they can go through school without even seeming to be influenced by the others. They look upon them as different from themselves; they are quite tolerant of them, do not attempt to bait or antagonize them. They will frequently commiserate with the teacher when they find one of the problem cases in their class — always looking, however, to the teacher to chastise and silence him.

If he is noisy or annoying enough, they may occasionally give him an impatient glance or even tell him to "shut up," but most of the time they are content to let the teacher take the lead. They furnish you moral support, in the form of sympathetic glances and asides, but naturally, even these good children relish the battle of wits between teacher and student.

I remember those modest girls who asked to work for you during their free periods or after school, or who told you shyly that you were wearing a nice dress or "cute" shoes. I remember the tough-looking boys, built like prize fighters, who occasionally carried my books to class and withstood in silence their pals' guffaws. Or the Negro boy on the football team who shook

my hand at the end of the term, saying how much he had enjoyed being in my class. Or the girl who wrote to me that she appreciated what I had done for her when I tried to teach her to write a sentence. And I also remember the children I was wrong about, the children whose courage I mistook as callousness and whose justice often seemed too complex to understand. I remember the humility that I mistook for dullness.

One of my clearest memories, however, is of the boy I taught in a senior English class, and who caused a great flurry of excitement during a debate on the question of deferring boys from the draft on the basis of their intelligence—the practice that was designed to allow them to finish college or graduate school before going into service, while those with less scholastic ability were taken straight from high school. Most of the children were vehemently against this new draft policy, but some of the bright ones who stood to benefit by it were understandably loud in its support.

The boy of whom I speak was not one of those; he would not go to college. Nevertheless, he supported the measure, saying, "I don't care if the smart ones are not drafted. I'll go for them. They should be doctors and lawyers. We need them. I'm not so smart, so I'll take their place for a while."

There was neither bravado nor

self-pity in his statement. He knew precisely what he was saying, had thought it over, had weighed it, had made up his mind, and expressed his opinion. The reaction of the class was ridicule. "I'll say you're not so smart" was one comment. They would not even hear him in silence and laughed at him before he was through. Here was an unselfishness that was too deep for them to absorb and I spent the balance of the period explaining it.

Unfortunately, the good students were few and far between. The handshake, the offer to clean the blackboards, or the evidence of a basic willingness to learn came as rather strange interludes in a welter of indifference or hostility. And even though the earnest, likable children are to be found, the whole school system is geared to the problem child. He is petted, excused, and studied out of all proportion. He is the man of the hour, and he knows it; he is conscious of his nuisance value and uses it to the fullest. He is the center of the school, the basic unit with whom all must work. I think that many children made themselves problem children simply because they saw how important they could become, how much attention would be paid to them.

IN THE MIDDLE of a New York summer, I wrote a letter of resignation to my chairman. I did not have another job at the time

and did not know what I would do next. But the action was long overdue. It was no great matter to the school system, for I was easily replaced, and I am quite sure that many of my colleagues believe to this day that I was fired.

My dissatisfaction with teaching had nothing to do with passing annoyances. I did not leave teaching because I was underpaid or overburdened. I did not leave because I could not have my own classroom, or have the blackboards washed every day, or choose my own textbooks. And I certainly did not leave because I disliked children or could not teach them. I quit teaching because I felt that the system under which I was teaching was false — materialist in premise and pragmatic in application.

I have tried to show that the progressive system is an unworkable system, that, contrary to its theory and its propaganda, it does not challenge the bright students, because it throws them back on their own resources too frequently and too completely. There is just so much experience, in each child or each group, to be used as a basis for learning, and, when that is exhausted, the intelligent ones need formal training as much as the average ones. If no formal learning is attempted, if their teacher carries progressivism to its logical conclusion, they are left in a vacuum that can only be filled by self-importance.

It is an unworkable system for the dull students because it expects them to correlate ideas, experiences, and allusions, to employ, in effect, the very attributes that distinguish the more intelligent. It is unworkable for the average students for the reason that it is not sincerely concerned with them. It is, in effect, a philosophy of education that is concerned with extremes of intelligence and, as such, is unfair.

The current of progressivism has diluted and shallowed the main stream of educational theory, has made it a torrent to rage and foam and frequently spill over. Most of us, parents, teachers, and school children, have been inundated, swept along in the flood. Would better teachers make a better system?

THE FAULT, say the advocates, is not with the system but rather with those who use its methodology unskillfully, those who are uncertain of themselves and their classes. They say that when teachers are sufficiently interested and fully trained and when these dynamic mentors are assigned to brand-new schools loaded with tons of up-to-date equipment, then we will have matchless teaching. The academic paragon who will be in charge of youth when the great day of total schooling arrives will be brilliant, vital, good-looking, talented, calm, successful, humorous, future-facing, and interested in and able to talk

about history, geography, literature, mathematics, natural science, nuclear physics, arts and crafts, government, politics, anatomy, ethnology, etymology, weather forecasting, farming, and bird-watching.

An ability to converse in Spanish, German, and French is useful; it also helps to know the plots of all current movies and the favorite gags of all television funnymen. However, the truly distinguished teacher is known for his ability to quote batting averages, and his skill in recounting the biographies of baseball stars and criminals; he is equipped to base his lessons on the interests and abilities of his pupils. Once the college student has grounded himself in these courses of study, he is free to go on to the really important preparation — take off your hats, please, gentlemen — of human relations.

Human relations are learned from one's students: you learn how to get along with them. Once you have passed that test — and you know you have passed when students greet you in the hall by saying, "Hi" — you are at last equipped to be all things to all children — nurse, buddy, confidante, analyst, games mistress, guide, leader, steward, maid, mother, warden, and answer woman.

I have seen men and women undertake this preposterous regimen, and I have seen them change in so doing. They do not take the courses, study the texts, or write

the papers because they want to do so. It is a joyless advancement. A colleague once questioned me on summer plans.

"I'm going to Europe," said I promptly.

"You're not going to school?" he asked, mournfully.

At first I thought his disbelief was a pretense, but I was wrong. He actually wondered why I preferred Rome to a course in the Vocational and Socio-Economic Aspects of Free Lunches in the Public Schools. Many progressive teachers are crashing bores: they take themselves as they have taken their degrees and seminars — too seriously. An essentially unsound system does not become sound for having good spokesmen. Indeed, that is just the danger. The best teachers in the world could never make progressivism anything more than it basically is — a snare and a delusion.

PROGRESSIVES foster their methods because the methods are an extension of their belief that there is no objective truth. They believe and teach that every situation is different, and that the norms that are used to judge or interpret one situation cannot possibly be used for another. The visionaries who advocate a student-interest-based curriculum are really most doctrinaire. They never take a backward look. History begins each morning, mathematics are "meaningful," foreign languages are

learned through some mysterious cultural osmosis, and English becomes a matter of making yourself understood in any assortment of grunts and noises that will suit your purpose. Science remains the sacred cow.

And how can you, as a teacher, plan lessons for children whose fascinations are sex, noise, and violence? These are the only things with which they can be impressed. Consider the influences at play on adolescents — television, comic books, motion pictures, tabloids. Through these mediums the young consciousness is battered with stories and lifesize pictures of murder, rape, suicide, assault, kidnaping, perversion, and any other form of degeneracy that can be pictured or put into print.

Young men and women today are so used to being entertained, so used to having pictures being flashed before their eyes, that when they are asked to read, think, and conclude, when they are expected to form their own mental images, they cannot do so. Their minds are atrophied. They think that anyone who stands in front of them is supposed to entertain them. When the overgrown boy in the last row raises his arms over his head and sprawls into a leonine yawn, he is informing you that he does not think much of your teaching skill. And you would be amazed at the number of teachers who run their classes like music halls.

To do otherwise, to maintain teaching standards in the face of such constant opposition, is sometimes beyond human capacity. It therefore becomes a backbreaking job to maintain order in a classroom and teach the ones who are willing to be taught while your attention is constantly distracted from the matter at hand by those to whom school is a variety show.

How do we know that youth is not benefiting from all this misplaced attention? Read the papers. The frequency with which young people make the front page is an indication. Although many are technically juveniles, the damage they do is frequently on an adult scale. Their errors are not pranks, jokes, or, as they are too often described, the results of an excess of high spirits. They are calculated thrusts at authority — costly vandalism, the flouting of law and order, and a bored attitude in the face of threatened punishment.

Children do these things because they know that the punishment will rarely materialize. They have learned to “wait out” the period of possible censure and then return, more confidently than before, to their wayward habits. Verbal censure means nothing to them; they simply assume blank faces and gaze patiently at an invisible point just beyond the speaker’s head. The only sign of life on such a face is a faint sneer when you are no longer

able to control your anger and you show it. The one you address only shifts from one foot to another, hooks his thumbs into his pocket, and grinds his everlasting gum.

THERE are definite signs that tell parents and teachers when youth is about to set foot on the primrose path. The signs take two forms—attitude and dress. They say that clothes make the man. Here are some of the getups seen in high schools today: T shirt and dungarees, custom-made “pistol pants,” violently pegged and saddle-stitched along the seams, worn with pastel belted “wrap-arounds,” and heavily studded leather jackets that fasten in a maze of oblique zippers. Boys addicted to this style wear their jackets hanging open so that the metalwork clanks on the desks as they shuffle up and down the aisles. It is practically impossible to get them to remove these fancy articles of apparel even though there is a school rule that outdoor clothing is to be removed in the classrooms—they are that proud of their looks.

The feminine platoon in the style parade is even more startling. When a girl decides to put her childish days behind her, she first grows her hair and then proceeds to dress it extravagantly in frizzy little curls that cascade into her eyes and fall down her back. She applies heavy make-up, accenting her eyes and her mouth, which is exaggerated beyond its natural outline. She



affects long, tight skirts, deeply slit up the sides, and flat-heeled black shoes that lace up the calf. This peek-a-boo footgear protects sheer black stockings, elaborately woven at the heel and frequently emblazoned with rhinestones. The girls complete their costume with long dangling earrings and a sullen expression that extinguishes light from the eyes, banishes gentleness from the brow, and concentrates all facial animation in the corner of the

mouth, where the inevitable mess of gum is being audibly snapped. When addressed, their eyes stare uncomprehendingly at the speaker or else flick over your person, indicating irrelevant and unprintable thoughts.

I CALL them "girls" for want of a better word; actually they are neither girls nor women, having too much knowledge for one status and not enough experience for the other. They are creatures of forced growth, pitiful and frightening, living to the fullest their brief moment before turning into cynical old-young women. It is very rare to reach any one of them, to see any expression — delight, humor, curiosity — cross their faces. They exist in a small, misshapen world and are inevitably far more difficult to handle than the most badly behaved boy.

Their clothing tell us who their friends are, whom they are "hanging out with," for such boys and girls dress alike, travel in exclusive gangs with few members and strict initiation rites. These are the roving gangs that figure so prominently in the papers — assaulting, mugging, wrecking, stealing, and murdering. They constitute a definite police problem, since they by no means confine their terror to the juvenile world. Their position within a school is even stronger, for there they can exert the same amount of pressure upon a much smaller area.

Just as their dress hints at their

character, their attitude completes the identification. One question is sufficient.

"Excuse me. Where do you belong this period?"

"Don' botha me, ha?"

Nor are you dismissed only as authority. Your intelligence, motives, sanity, and even reading skill are always subject to question. I was canvassing a class one day, asking each student what he intended to read for the next book report, due in two weeks.

"What are you reading, Ackerman?"

"Waranpeace."

"Take the toothpick out of your mouth."

"War and Peace."

"Don't be silly. You couldn't read War and Peace in two weeks. I couldn't read War and Peace in two weeks."

"So?"

So, when a parent or teacher notices a boy wearing his undershirt to school and his hair long and greasy, when he carries comic books instead of texts, or when a girl is always seen shuffling along with a cigarette between her nicotine-stained fingers, sporting a tight white sweater, he can be sure that immediate, drastic action is called for. It then becomes the parents' pressing duty to find out where such a child is every minute of the day, who his friends are, where they congregate, what they are up to. It is the teacher's duty to clamp

down on the budding delinquent, check up on his attendance, discourage dubious friendships. It is essential that parents and teachers never capitulate to youth in this willful condition. They are then interested solely in force, so the force for good must be stronger than the force for evil. It must be fair, honest, and open, as well as strong, or else such youngsters, always ready to despise authority, will add to their ready animosity the conviction that they have been wronged. Such a conviction breeds the lawbreakers whose grudges are worked off in crime.

IF, THEREFORE, conditions in the public schools today are bad enough, and if those same bad conditions are sufficiently widespread to warrant serious consideration, the question may justifiably be asked of someone who is familiar with the problem and who is acutely interested in its solution: what can be done?

And, like similar questions asked on a large scale, this one must have a large answer, one that is not to be found in any one or any number of isolated reforms. It cannot be done by organizing committees, writing reports, or studying vitamin-deficiency charts. It cannot be done by building one great new model school, staffing it with brilliant teachers, landscaping the back yard, and telling visitors that this is the school system. And it certainly can-

not be done by coaxing children to learn, by deceiving them with the promise that school is not a place in which to learn, but a place in which to play. These ideas, these tricks, may succeed in particular cases, but experience has shown us that they will not suffice for the betterment of all, for the greater good of the greatest number of children. The school system is a man sick in his guts; he cannot be cured by a Band-Aid on his finger.

What, then, can be done? Like a sick man, the system must be cured by swift diagnosis and proper treatment, no matter how radical. The root cause must be cut out to restore it to health. I think that the root cause is the dominant philosophy of education. In order to help the whole school system, in order to restore it to its proper place as a thing of dignity and worth, I believe that the obviously unworkable features of the progressive philosophy of education must be immediately removed.

And how can it be done? It can be done by educators who know it to be wrong but who now lack the courage to say so, by school boards whose prime concern is the welfare of their children, by educational theorists who bother to find out how their preachings are practiced. It can be done by parents who concern themselves more seriously with what their children are learning in school. It can be done by boards of education who are a little more

choosy about those whom they license to teach, who are more interested in the man than the number of credits he has amassed and how amenable he is to current pedagogical fads. It can be done by teachers who refuse to teach in accordance with false standards.

IT IS ESSENTIAL that morality be restored to a place of honor in our educational philosophy, for the problems that the teachers and the school face in undertaking any plan to improve the condition of the students are moral problems. As such, they cannot be solved in any way but a moral way. You cannot turn a child from the ways of crime by telling him that it is uncivic to rob a store, beat up a subway guard, or murder the member of a rival gang in a street war. Civic pride does not provide a sanction

adequate to the aim. He must be made to see that such actions are morally wrong, regardless of circumstances.

The seriousness of the situation is emphasized when we read of the reasons for young people's committing these crimes: they do not steal because they are hungry, but because they are bored; they do not assault a passer-by because he has threatened them but because they just don't like his looks; they do not murder in self-defense but in rage because someone will not do as he was told to do—the intended victim would not hand over his money, one gang member would not stay out of another gang's territory or stop dating someone's steady girl friend. These are serious problems. They demand solution. It is my belief that they can only be remedied, or, better still, stopped before they start, by teaching children in the home and in the school, early, long, and often, the moral reasons for being and doing good and the moral reasons for avoiding evil.

It is inconceivable to me that you can teach a child to be a good citizen, to be responsible in his actions toward his fellows and his country, if he first does not recognize his responsibility to God. I believe that the state derives its just rights and prerogatives from God, and that the child who may someday have to defend the Constitution with his life should not be



denied the opportunity to know the source of its inspiration. It can be taught in school. How can brotherhood be taught without acknowledging the fatherhood of God? How can crime be proved not to pay except by teaching the validity of conscience and objective truth? If our schools could do this for their students, arm them with the means and reasons for leading a decent life, they would be giving them a sound basis for future living and cultivating good citizenship.

The teacher is overwhelmed by force of numbers; his scanty free time is pre-empted by an appalling amount of paper work. He may have to teach in an antiquated building with insufficient seats for the children. His school might be on a two-shift system because all

the children supposed to be there at one time simply cannot fit in the classrooms. He may be exhausted from going to school at night for an advanced degree, or from holding down two jobs at once because his teacher's salary is not adequate.

BUT TRUE teaching is not a matter of buildings or facilities. These are desirable but secondary aids. True teaching requires an awareness of basic premises of behavior and growth, and the intention of setting upon the pliant mind of youth the stamp of morality, reason, and knowledge. The teacher must see this happen in order that his faith in youth and in himself may be justified. Our country must see it happen to justify its faith in the future.



Hostess Horrors

It was the young housewife's first dinner party in her new home and her preparations for the big event had been long and painstaking. Everything went smoothly until in the middle of dinner, one of the guests leaned over and whispered, smiling, "Did you really mean that note in the bathroom for us?"

For a moment she was puzzled, then complete confusion came as she remembered the forgotten sign neatly pinned to the guest towels, and meant for her husband's eyes alone, which read: Don't You Dare Touch These Towels! — *Christian Science Monitor*

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